

Children's Newspaper

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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A GOOD THING DONE BY AN EARTHQUAKE

PASSING OF A HERO FRANCIS MACROBBIE AND HIS ACETYLENE LAMP

**The Memory of a Stormy
Day at Peterhead**

HEROISM THAT DOES NOT DIE

The Children's Pictorial having told the story of a hero of ten years ago, one of its readers has closed the story with a sad note of the hero's death.

It was the story of an incident that happened during the war, in the early days of 1915, one of those many deeds of quiet heroism that passed almost unnoticed at a time when men went out daily to the gates of death, not knowing who would enter and who return. The tale was a chapter in a man's life, and we have now read another, the last.

The story as the C.P. told it took us to Peterhead in a driving storm, one Saturday morning. Dawn came in howling, and about eight o'clock people saw a heavy salvage vessel, keel uppermost, on a reef by the shore. A rescue party went out, but it was feared that all the ship's crew of seven had perished.

Lashed by the Waves

Then someone spied a hand waving from a tiny porthole in the upturned keel. It was far too small for a man's body to come through. Rescue seemed impossible. While people were shivering with cold and horror, waiting for that last little flicker of life to die out, a man was saying nothing, thinking.

He was Francis MacRobbie, a young boilermaker. He went along the reef, lashed by the waves, taking his acetylene blowpipe, and finding the thinnest spot on the hull, began to work on it.

People on the shore watched breathlessly. The tide was coming in and soon, they knew, hull and porthole and rescuer alike would be submerged. They watched the waves rise until they washed up to the neck of the man working the pipe. At the end of an hour the hole was big enough, MacRobbie dragged his man through, and the exhausted pair were brought to safety.

The Unforgettable Past

It happened that a lad of fifteen, named Macpherson, the youngest Scout leader in Scotland, was on coast duty at Peterhead just then. He was among the rescue party that morning, watched MacRobbie's action, and was to the fore in many hard deeds to be done before that dreadful day of tempest was over.

The Scout leader, grown into a man, has just written us. He saw the story in the C.P., and as he read the tale he saw again Peterhead on that bitter day, ten years ago, and heard the surge and roar of the North Sea. Mr. Macpherson writes to tell us sad news. Good Francis MacRobbie is no more.

He died a sudden and tragic death in a boiler explosion a few months ago, while doing the sort of work that had

made it possible for him to save a life ten years before. The world is poorer for the loss of a man whose heroism was unobtrusive, whose life, so disastrously ended in its mid term of manhood, was upright and good.

It is to us a very beautiful thing that these links of memories should bind us to the unforgettable past. MacRobbie

now can never die. His life was a little book, some chapters secret, as in the volume of most men's lives, and some for all the world to see.

We have that chapter of his quiet heroism by heart, and we shall remember it to inspire us on days when it seems the world is very trivial and that heroes and saints belong to an older day.

Will the Horse Disappear?



Motor tractors are more and more coming into use for farm work in all parts of the world, and there are many people who think that they will eventually supersede the horse altogether. When we see a fine animal like that shown in the picture we must feel that it would indeed be a thousand pities if the horse disappeared from the countryside

ANOTHER MAN WHO TRUSTS THE WORLD

Our little story of A Man Who Trusts the World, allowing his French customers to come and go in his shop when he is away, has brought us this interesting note from a grandfather who loves to read the C.N. every week before he sends it to a little friend at Calgary.

Your story brought to my mind a similar occurrence at one of our well-known seaside resorts.

On the first morning of my stay there I called at a little paper shop to buy my morning papers, but found nobody in the place. On the counter, however, I noticed several piles of papers, and at

the side of same a little heap of pennies. I therefore took my papers and added my quota to the heap. This I did for five days without seeing any proprietor.

On the sixth day, arriving earlier than usual, I caught the owner of the shop starting out on his round of papers. On explaining to him what I had done, he said it was quite all right; everybody did the same. On my expressing surprise, and asking if it was not very risky, he informed me that he had never yet lost a penny by it. So evidently France is not alone in having trusting souls!

THE EYE OF A HIDDEN SHIP ROAMING FAR AWAY

**Remarkable Idea for a
Submarine's Periscope**

PICKING UP SOUNDS TOO

An amazing invention is now being considered by the United States Navy Department. It is a periscope for submarines which comes up above the water far away from where the submarine is hiding.

One of the ways in which a submarine can be detected is by the appearance of its periscope above the surface of the water. The enemy sees this and knows where to fire to hit the boat.

The new periscope does away with that danger. When it appears it may be a mile from the submarine it is serving. It is the invention of Dr. V. A. Clarke of New York, and the principle involved is the same as that of wireless pictures.

Periscope a Mile Away

The periscope is mounted in a cigar-shaped buoy about twelve feet long and three feet wide, which, when the submarine is travelling, can be packed into a compartment made to receive it.

But when an observation is to be taken, the buoy is released and is towed at the end of a copper cable over a mile long. Electric controls in the conning tower of the submarine permit the periscope to be raised or lowered by varying the amount of water ballast in the buoy. This is done by pumping. Another electric device enables the periscope to be rotated through 360 degrees, so that a view can be obtained all round.

Beneath the periscope are a number of selenium cells connected with a kind of wireless transmitter. The image of what the periscope "sees" falls on these cells, and the variations of light intensity due to the shadows and high lights of this picture cause variations in the electrical impulses passing to the submarine through the cable.

Seeing and Hearing

In the conning tower these impulses are transformed into light waves, and the picture is projected on the screen where the officer can see it. Not only is the submarine preserved from danger through the detection of its periscope, but its range of observation is enormously increased.

The invention includes still another wonder. By attaching a sensitive microphone and amplifier to the periscope, sounds made by the motors of aeroplanes or the propellers of approaching ships can be heard in the conning tower of the submarine.

An ordinary telescope type of periscope costs from £1600 to £2400, but this wonderful new instrument can, according to its inventor, be constructed for £3000. Its value is certainly far in excess of its cost.

WHAT AN EARTHQUAKE DID

Pulling a Building Together SHAKING A MUSEUM INTO ITS PLACE

A remarkable thing has happened as the result of the earthquake in the United States and Canada. A great building which stood in need of repair has been *shaken together again*!

The building is the Victoria Museum in Ottawa, which seems to have been founded on unstable land. For some years past it had been sinking unequally, with the result that serious cracks, defying the architects, opened in the walls.

The earthquake came the other week, gave the land a great wrench, shook up the building, compressed its foundations and its fabric, and lo, the cracks have closed up, vanished. The building has become sound because one of the most appalling forces of Nature has treated it as a patient treats a bottle of medicine which he is told must be shaken before it is taken.

Evils That Do Good

These earth movements, so horrifying to those who experience them are for the good of generations which will come after us. The earth becomes closer-knit, more solidified, after such a motion. An excess of activity may produce incalculable results; it may raise mountains like the Alps where valleys were, and produce valleys where hills have been; yet, in the end, seen through the long-range glasses of the geologist, the net result is the greater solidity of the globe.

To most of us a volcano is a thing of unredeemed horror, a desert, a place of nightmare, thirst, mirage, and bitter suffering. Yet volcanoes with their dust and ashes carried by the winds, and deserts whose sandy faces are swept by storms and currents, are the great fertilising allies of Nature.

The Dust in Raindrops

Rain cannot come to earth except by the aid of dust. Each raindrop must have a microscopic atom of solid matter on which to form, and drop to earth. Dust, flung into the air from the volcano and the desert, is the nucleus of the rain which falls as dew from heaven to keep fields green far from the volcano's fiery throat, far from the arid wilderness.

Nature is careless of the individual, even of the species; but she is careful of the type. She makes matters better for all in the long run out of these disasters from which a few suffer.

A CASE FROM JERUSALEM

A Greek and His Concession THE INTERNATIONAL COURT AT WORK

The Permanent Court of Justice has just settled a claim by the Greek Government against the British Government in regard to a decision made by the Government of Palestine. The claim was on behalf of a Greek subject, M. Mavrommatis, who was granted a concession by the City of Jerusalem, while it was still a part of the Turkish Empire, to carry out some public improvements. But when Britain came on to the scene the new Government granted a concession which to a certain extent overlapped the other and prevented its being carried out. The Greek Government demanded compensation.

The British Government contended that the matter was not one for the Hague Court, and that in any case the Greek concession was not valid. The Court decided against Britain on both these points, but it decided also that as M. Mavrommatis had not done any work on his concession when it was stopped he had not suffered any damage and was not entitled to compensation!

THE WISE MAN AND THE QUACK

Together After Centuries QUEER DISCOVERY ON AN OLD PAPYRUS

We all know the quack doctor even today; we find him sometimes in the law courts and often in the papers with his nonsense.

In New York a man learned in old Egyptian writing is still carefully examining a tattered roll of papyrus on which another learned man, an Egyptian doctor, put down all he knew of medical science 3500 years ago.

The American is Professor James Breasted, the name of the Egyptian doctor is unknown, and but for an accident all his careful knowledge would have been forgotten.

He was a man of great and unexpected learning, and already Professor Breasted has discovered that he knew more about the connection between the brain and the muscles than European doctors had learned in many hundreds of years. Some of his observations seem to belong almost to modern times.

An Absurd Chapter

Then, having written it, the Egyptian doctor, like other doctors, died. This papyrus was put away, or forgotten, or so little bothered about that some Egyptian quack, into whose possession it came, used it as a piece of writing paper and wrote on the back of it an absurd chapter on *How to change an old man into a young man of twenty*!

So that even this learned doctor was not honoured or remembered in his own country, and it has been reserved for a twentieth-century American to rescue him from oblivion.

The work itself seems to justify the assertion, repeated more than once of late, that Greece drew its knowledge of healing from Egypt. Odd, is it not, that after all these centuries the wise man and the quack should meet on the same old papyrus?

THE QUEUE ACROSS LONDON BRIDGE

And the Wonderful Reason Why

If there be anyone in these days so foolish as to assert that the people of London do not care for music, let him go to Southwark Cathedral one Saturday afternoon and watch crowds lining up until they stretch across London Bridge.

It was a wondrous sight to see the other day, and it reminds us that every now and then the cathedral authorities, inspired by their splendid Master of Music, Mr. Edgar Cook, and assisted by the members of the London Symphony Orchestra, offer a noble musical feast of which Londoners from all parts take full advantage; and as the cathedral is one of the poorest in England it is a brave experiment. We hope it will be worthily supported.

3000, 300, AND 3

Tale of an African Cattle Raid

Three men of the King's African Rifles have just performed a wonderful exploit against 300 Somali cattle raiders.

The tribesmen had carried off 3000 head of cattle across the Kenya border, and Lieutenant Chester and ten riflemen went after them on mules. Seven of the soldiers were compelled to halt, but the others came up with the raiders after a search of several days.

They opened fire so determinedly that the natives made sure that a big force had come up against them. After a short stand they broke and ran—into the arms of the other seven riflemen left on the march. Not one of the soldiers was even hurt, though the raiders lost twelve killed and as many wounded, as well as the whole 3000 cattle!

BIGGEST ELECTION IN EUROPE

To be Fought all Over Again

GERMANY CHOOSING A PRESIDENT

Every German man and woman over twenty has a right to vote in the election of a president, and there are forty million of them! But only about two in every three voted at the polling the other day, and no one got a big enough majority to secure the post. So the people are to have another try. It is the first time in history that Germany has voted for a president, and the biggest election in Europe, if we take the number of voters.

It is necessary at the first election for one candidate to get more votes than all the others put together to be successful. Dr. Jarres, the Nationalist candidate, got over ten million votes, nearly three million more than the next highest candidate, the Socialist Herr Braun. But there were seven candidates altogether, and the combined votes of the other six came to over sixteen million more than those of Dr. Jarres.

The Second Election

At the next election whoever gets the highest number of votes becomes President, however much the votes for other candidates may total. It is expected that the third man on the list, Dr. Marx, the former Chancellor, will be chosen by agreement with various parties.

The reason why Dr. Jarres got so many votes was because almost all the parties of the Right joined together to support one candidate. He got the votes of the monarchists and the militarists and the big employers. Only a few extremists voted for General Ludendorff, the pompous military man, who has shown that he has no understanding of politics.

If the monarchists are to be prevented from getting their man in next time the republicans will have to concentrate in the same way.

THE WAY TO PEACE

Slow but Steady Progress

FRANCE'S CHANCE OF SECURITY

The hopes aroused by the proposals of Germany for a security pact grow brighter.

There has been pleasure in Berlin at the reception given to Germany's advances in Britain, and already particulars of the proposals have been sent to Paris and the other allied capitals in response to Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion.

French opinion was taken aback at first, but now there seems a real readiness to go into the whole idea, and a reply has been sent asking for further information. Such a request is in itself an admission that the proposals offer a possible basis of settlement.

Germany offers to make arbitration and conciliation agreements with all her neighbours, and to sign an agreement not only to regard the present frontiers between herself and France and Belgium as permanent, but to forbid the presence of German troops on the Rhine or between the Rhine and France or Belgium.

With Britain's signature added to such a promise there is real security for France. And there is no question of betraying her Allies. Germany does not demand that her Eastern frontiers shall be revised forthwith by arbitration. She promises she will not try to change them by force, but she adds that she cannot give up the hope of getting a change by negotiation some day. That, everybody has to admit, is reasonable.

M. Herriot has declared that he will sign no pact till Germany has joined the League, but that he is quite willing to go on with the negotiations. That is the way to make sure of Germany's joining. The two steps will be taken together.

THINGS SAID

A VERY OLD LADY'S ADVICE

What Struck an American at a University

THE EX-KING AND HIS DOG

Life is too short to waste any part of it in telling evil tales of other people.

An Old Lady of 104

England is becoming a paradise for slackers.

Lord Burnham

There are other methods of building houses than those of Babylon.

Sir Kingsley Wood

An American has said that what struck him at one of our universities was that there were 3000 young men every one of whom would rather lose the game than play it unfairly.

Dean Inge

Beneath all its ills and discords the world is still a good world.

Rev. W. H. Satwley

One does not expect the encore fiend in the audience to show any consideration for the rest of us; he is incurably selfish and ill-mannered.

Mr. Ernest Newman

There will have to be a great deal more gold in this country before sovereigns return to circulation.

Sir L. Worthington-Evans

It is essential that our people should work harder and work longer hours.

Sir Alfred Yarrow

There is no early closing for me at the Mansion House. I start work at 9 a.m., and do not finish until midnight.

The Lord Mayor of London

In a few years I hope to travel in an airship from London to Australia in ten days.

Sir Sefton Brancker

The only living creature that has remained faithful to me is my dog.

Ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria

JERUSALEM AS A CENTRE OF LIGHT

A Jewish University

HOPE OF GREAT DEVELOPMENT

One of the great romances of the new world that is being built on the war-scarred ruins of the old is the growth of a Jewish National Home in Palestine.

Now Lord Balfour has been to Jerusalem to open a Jewish University on the slopes of the Mount of Olives.

The university is only in its early beginnings. The buildings opened are not its permanent home, but a villa which has been enlarged for its temporary accommodation. There is no complete system of teaching yet, for it is felt that before a university can teach it must make a name for itself as a centre of Jewish learning and culture.

The founders of the university have three objects in view. They wish to enable the Jews already in Palestine to complete their education without leaving the country. They want to provide for the great number of Jewish students crowded out of the universities of Europe and America (in which a limit is placed on the proportion of Jews admitted at one time). Most important of all, they want to provide a place where all that is best in the learning and traditions of their race shall have its natural home.

Everyone will watch the university's growth with interest and sympathy.

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THE WORLD AND ITS BOYS

SIR ARTHUR YAPP TALKS ABOUT THEM

Camps to be Held Everywhere this Summer

INTERESTING YOUTH IN PEACE

The peace of the world lies in the hands of the boys and girls of today. Great importance must therefore be attached to the work to be done this year by the new Boy's Division of the World's Committee of the Y.M.C.A.

This committee has its centre at Geneva. In 1923 it summoned nearly a thousand delegates to a conference at Portschäch, in Austria, when a great work was undertaken which is to be enlarged and continued this year. Sir Arthur Yapp, general secretary of the Y.M.C.A., told the C.N. something about the past and future of this movement.

"In June, 1914, at Trinity College, Oxford," he said, "the first World Conference of Y.M.C.A. workers with boys was held. About 75 delegates were present, representing 19 different countries, and they met to consider how the boys of the world could be moulded into soldiers of peace.

A Wonderful Success

"Scarcely had the conference dispersed when the war broke out. Nothing could be done until the passions of international hatred had begun to die down. But in 1920 a conference held in North Carolina made it clear that the time had come when the interests of boys could be farther advanced by international study, and the meeting at Portschäch was arranged.

"That was a wonderful success. Instead of 19 nations, 54 were represented. A French-Swiss, Dr. Paul Des Gouttes, presided; the general secretary was a German-Swiss, Dr. Karl Fries; and an Englishman living in Geneva, Mr. E. M. Robinson, acted as conference secretary. Fine addresses were given by an Indian and a Chinese delegate. Prince Bernadotte of Sweden, Lord Radstock, the Metropolitan of Salonica, and Bishop Nicolai of Yugo-Slavia were among the famous men who attended.

Peace and Goodwill

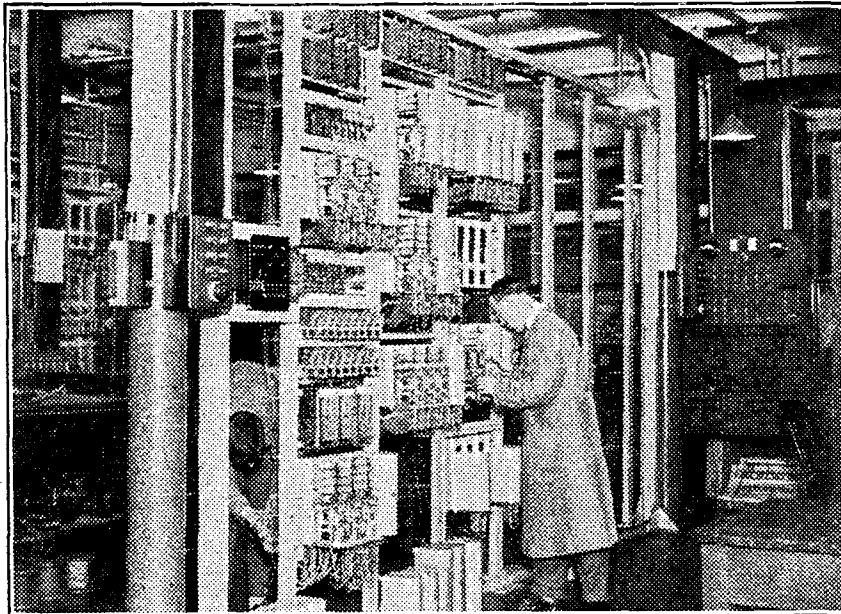
"It was a wonderful and inspiring meeting, and its first result is that today the boys of Europe, America, Asia, Africa, and Australia have their faces set towards peace. This summer there will be camps all over the world at which the spirit of true internationalism will prevail. We want to remove misunderstanding and suspicion from the minds of the young, so that when the boys become men they may know war is a crime, and that the true interest of the human race lies in mutual help, confidence, friendship, and comprehension. That is the sort of spirit we shall have at our camp at Leysdown, in the Isle of Sheppey, where English boys will live with lads from Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Yugo-Slavia, and other countries. That is the sort of spirit there will be in the three great camps in Burma, near Rangoon, when Burmese, Indian, and Chinese youths will meet the boys of other lands, and find out how much they have in common.

Making Citizens of the World

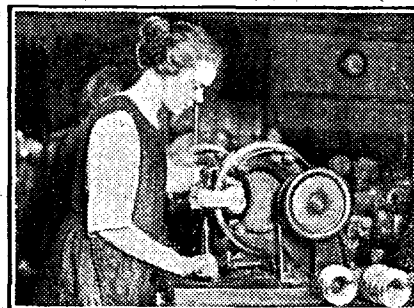
"Our aim is to interest boys of all nations in everything that ought to interest a boy, in athletics, in education, in social service, in progress in the things that matter to humanity.

"We of the Y.M.C.A. have divided the world into five great sections, in which we have experts studying how the great cause of peace and friendship may best be fostered among those who are the heirs of tomorrow, bringing not only the youth of different nations together, but boys of different classes and stations in life, so that they may discover the secret of that citizenship of the world which is the only solid basis for the future."

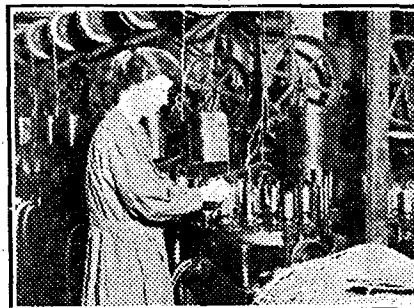
THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE COMING



Building a model of the new automatic switchboard



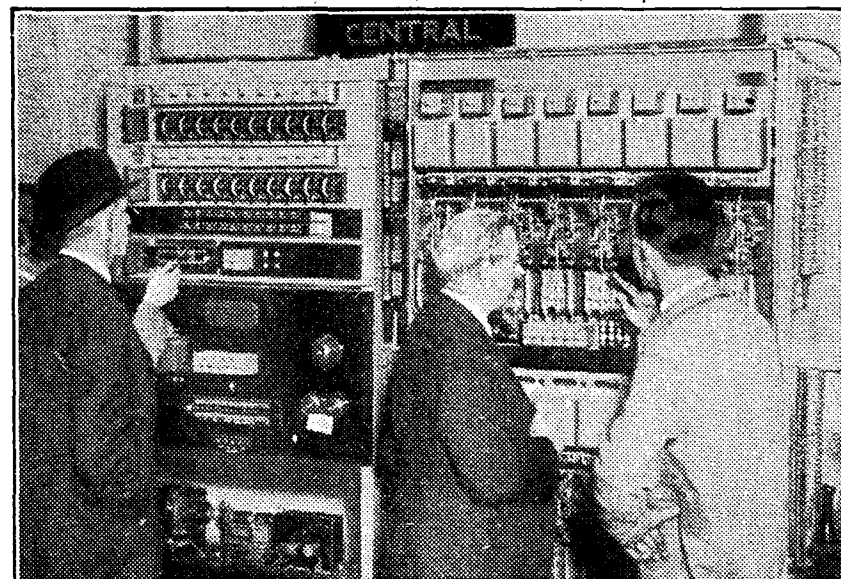
Winding coils for use in long-distance telephoning



A machine that covers telephone receiving cable



A girl testing a telephone cable



An instructor explaining the new automatic switchboard

London is soon to have automatic telephones by means of which subscribers will be able to connect themselves with other subscribers to whom they wish to speak. This great development is expected to lead to an increased use of telephones and the Post Office is preparing for the rush, as these pictures show

THE SPOT ON THE SUN

HAS IT ANYTHING TO DO WITH A RABBIT?

Curious Theories Arising from the Observation of Sunspots

ODD COINCIDENCES

The great spots appearing on the face of the Sun from time to time have been studied for many years by the wise men of the skies, but they are still objects of deep mystery.

One of the curious things about them is the coincidence between the appearance of sunspots and certain events on the Earth; it has been held, for instance, that they influence the weather. More curious still, however, is the idea that they have something to do with colliery explosions and rabbits!

Counting the Rabbits

It appears to be easier to make out a connection between sunspots and the prevalence of rabbits than between sunspots and weather, but that is probably because for the rabbits a selected portion of the Earth has been taken.

The portion is that of the Hudson Bay Territory where the numbers of rabbits can broadly be ascertained by noting the numbers of rabbit skins brought in by trappers. These numbers show a rise to a maximum and a fall to a minimum in an 11-year period corresponding to the 11-year sunspot cycle. The records have been kept by the Hudson's Bay Company since 1845 and similar phenomena are revealed in the case of lynxes and foxes.

Great March of the Lemmings

Another periodical rise and fall in numbers has been detected among the lemmings. These strange animals both in Norway and in Greenland have a period of migration every three and a half years. The migrations have often been described, and on the way south nothing will stop the resistless march of the lemmings, which plunge into rivers or the sea. But an interesting point about the migration is that it roughly corresponds with a three-and-a-half-year weather cycle experienced in the Arctic regions.

Somebody has recalled that the terrible mine disaster in Germany not long ago confirms previous coincidences between the occurrence of earthquakes, sunspots, and colliery explosions.

As the Abbé Moreux suggested in 1909, such earth or atmospheric disturbances are frequently the cause of the escape of firedamp on a disastrous scale into mine galleries and other underground workings.

Sunspots and Colliery Disasters

Recent instances of this close correspondence include explosions near Cardiff and at Waldenburg in Silesia in 1901 on the same day as earthquake shocks at Madrid and Turin; an explosion in a Belgian mine in 1905 coinciding with a gigantic sunspot, and volcanic activity and earthquake shocks in Japan and Western Europe; and the terrible Courrières disaster of 1906 and that of Ham in Westphalia in 1908, each of which coincided with the occurrence of sunspots and great magnetic disturbance.

The Dortmund disaster, too, occurred at a time of earthquake shocks in Western Europe accompanied by barometric disturbance, and these repeated coincidences suggest cause and effect.

Truly it is an astonishing world, and most mysterious are the links which bind things to one another; but who would imagine that there is any relation between a rabbit on the Earth, an explosion under the Earth, and a spot on the Sun?

JUBILEE OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

STORY OF AN OLD MAN'S PATIENCE

How Henri Wallon Had His Way at Last

A MAJORITY OF ONE

By Our Paris Correspondent

France has lately kept the Jubilee year of a very important event. Her constitution is fifty years old.

This is, indeed, the anniversary of the French Republic itself, all the more interesting to remember as a fifty-years run of the same form of government is rather a remarkable fact in the history of France, and specially remarkable when we remember that it was decided on by a majority of one vote.

Ever since the Revolution of 1789 France had been establishing her political liberties. She had encountered great difficulties. She had passed through nine forms of government in eighty years when the war with Prussia put a stop to any further progress. Then came more deliberations, more schemes, till at last a constitution was adopted from a most unlikely quarter from the brain of that persistent Henri Wallon.

A Timid Deputy

A conscientious historian, a shy and modest provincial, anything but an orator, Henri Wallon was a deputy of no particular importance in the Chamber. It happened that he had drawn up a Constitution of his own, which he always carried about with his papers, and which he was always endeavouring to lay before his fellow-members of the Chamber, who tried to elude him. Henri Wallon was, in fact, what in England is called a bore.

One day in June 1874 the sitting was especially agitated. Different motions had been put aside, there was a general feeling of unrest. It was then that, for the first time, Henri Wallon ascended the rostrum, and in hesitating and timid tones began to expound his scheme. He began something like this:

The President of the Republic is elected by a majority of voices of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies sitting together as one National Body. He is elected for seven years. He may be re-elected.

His Second Effort

Very few listened to him and the motion was laid aside. "Very well," thought Henri Wallon, "I will try another day." He was like Disraeli; he knew the day would come when they would hear him.

The following month a great struggle took place in connection with the programme of Casimir-Périer, which was ultimately rejected as too uncompromising. But in the midst of the discussion, little Monsieur Wallon was seen trotting up to the chair to introduce his motion for the second time.

"My suggestion," he explained, "does not proclaim a Republic, but may be said to make a Republic." There was some laughter, and there were 31 yeas against 363 nays. "Very well," said Wallon, "I will try again another day," and he marched off with his bundle under his arm.

Listened To at Last

Then came the summer holidays. More time went by, and France still had no definite Constitution.

In the following January there were great debates in the Chamber of Deputies, a new amendment was again rejected, and again did Henri Wallon present his scheme for giving France a Constitution and Republic. But it was of no avail; the little old man had to desist once more. "Very well," he murmured, "I will try again another day." A fourth time he stood on the rostrum and a fourth time he failed, to

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Nearly 5500 motor-omnibuses are plying for traffic in London this year.

Mexico produced nearly 140 million barrels of oil in 1924.

£20,000,000 from Ford Cars

The Ford Motor Company made a profit of £20,000,000 last year.

107 Years of Life

A woman of 107 who died in Nova Scotia the other day left 133 descendants, including ten great-great grandchildren.

A Pigeon Goes Home

A pigeon sold in Shropshire to a buyer in Scotland flew more than 200 miles back to its home.

Work for the Clydes

Clydebank has obtained from Australia an order to build two new cruisers costing £4,500,000.

Europe's Longest Electric Railway

A stretch of the Swedish State Railways, running 286 miles from Lulea to Riksgården, is the longest electrified railroad in Europe.

A Blind Man's Walks

Mr. Fred Gibson, a blind newsagent in a village near Melton Mowbray, claims to have walked over 127,000 miles in the course of his work.

Summer Time Begins

Summer Time this year begins at 2 a.m. tomorrow, April 19, so all clocks should be advanced one hour tonight (Saturday).

The Boat Race

By winning this year's boat race Cambridge has now won 36 races against Oxford's 40. One race, that of 1877, was a dead heat.

The Gold of the World

It is estimated that before the war £120,000,000 in gold coin was in circulation; today the total required would certainly be over £200,000,000.

Great Little England

Lord Birkenhead has just been reminding us that for every two men Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and all the rest of the Empire sent to the Great War, England sent eight.

Ten Years Late

An old villager, near Lincoln, when making his application for the old age pension, made the discovery that he was 80 and not 70, as he supposed. He had thus been entitled to the pension for ten years.

The British Railways

The British railways, which celebrate their hundredth birthday in September, have now a staff of over 700,000; they carry 1770 million people and 343 million tons, and earn a profit of £51,000,000 in a year.

Continued from the previous column

get a hearing. Yet on that day a few members did stop to listen to him and did discuss his suggestions. "After all, this man does not really proclaim a Republic," the Monarchists thought, "why not accept his amendment rather than risk a worse?"

"Let us not be too exacting," the Republicans began to argue; "there is something sensible in this old man." So it came about that at last they listened to Henri Wallon, and when voting took place there was a very exciting result:

For Wallon 353
Against Wallon 352

So the French Republic was constituted by a majority of one!

"The one voice the other party could not get," says Gabriel Hanotaux in his famous History of France, was that of M. Mallever, a keen Monarchist who would have voted against Wallon, and who, feeling ill, had been obliged to retire before the end of the sitting.

That Constitution, so curiously constituted, has now been effective for just fifty years, and France does not think of changing it.

THREE LIONS IN THE PATH

Gideon and the King of Beasts
SCHOOLBOY'S ADVENTURE IN RHODESIA

This story comes to the C.N. from the Livingstonia Mission in Northern Rhodesia.

Gideon is an African boy who goes to school at the Mission station about three miles from the village where he lives.



Gideon

About three in the afternoon he left for his home on the other side of a wooded hill, and when he was about half-way up he suddenly came upon three lions—a male, a female, and a cub. What would you have done?

Probably you would have run to the nearest tree to climb out of reach of the lions. Not so Gideon. He was ten years old, and a native boy of ten knows the life and ways of the wild animals around him. He knew that if he ran the lions would have him before he could climb a tree; but if he could startle them they might go away. So he shouted at them, and pelted the big lion with stones.

What he shouted was also something that might help him, for it was *Isantula*, which means "Come and save me!" It was a useful cry, for two natives passing near by heard it and ran to him, and their appearance and Gideon's stones and cries had the desired effect, and the lions made off.

You may think there was not much danger, but you would be wrong, for the next day a woman was killed and eaten by these lions.

Gideon does not think much of his adventure. He is not boastful of his bravery. He thinks that if a boy gets face to face with lions the proper thing to do is to throw stones and frighten them, and so give himself a chance.

THE LEANING TOWER

Leaning Still More

St. Paul's is not the only famous building in danger, for experts have been overhauling the Leaning Tower of Pisa, which they say is leaning more than ever.

At present it is at least 14 feet out of the perpendicular, and the tilting is increasing. The trouble, as in the case of St. Paul's, is due largely to the state of the subsoil.

The weight of the Leaning Tower, which is of marble, must be enormous, for it is 179 feet high and has walls 13 feet thick at the bottom. A remarkable fact is that it has no solid foundations, and excavations a century ago caused water to well up around the tower. The experts say the danger is not urgent, but the water must be drained off, for its presence helps the tilting movement.

The wonder is that the tower has given such comparatively little trouble up to the present. It was already old when Galileo used to make experiments from it 300 years ago.

TWO NEW COMETS

Found on the Same Day

Two new comets have been discovered, at two widely-separated observatories, within 24 hours of each other.

The first, discovered at the Bergedorf Observatory, near Hamburg, was detected in the constellation Virgo, while the second, a much brighter object, was picked up by Mr. Reid at the Cape Observatory among the stars of the southern constellation Hydra.

ELEANOR DE CLARE

STORY OF HER SEVEN WINDOWS

A Loveliness that Stands Today as Six Centuries Ago

TEWKESBURY AND ITS ABBEY

By Our Art Correspondent

Eleanor de Clare was a great lady. Six hundred years ago they called her Lord of Tewkesbury, and people who have been to that grand old abbey church of late have had reason to bless her name.

Eleanor was one of the three sisters of Gilbert de Clare, ninth Earl of Gloucester. His was a curious and vivid character, shining out bravely through the time and dust of six centuries. At eighteen he was commander of the English army in the north. Two years later he was made regent, or guardian of the throne.

Gilbert must have been an unusually gifted young man for a nation to repose its trust in him in this way, and he so inspired the admiration of his foes that when he fell at Bannockburn Bruce sent back his body to King Edward for burial and asked no price of ransom.

Eleanor's Greatest Gift

The young Earl's sisters inherited his estates, Tewkesbury falling to Eleanor. She carried her honours nobly, and it gave her an intense pleasure to make still more beautiful the Abbey church which had been begun over two hundred years before her day, and, in spite of additions and alterations, still bears the stamp of Norman grandeur.

Eleanor's greatest gift was the set of famous windows high up in the clerestory of the chancel. There are three in the apse and two on either side. The lady of Tewkesbury did not know when she told the glass painters to prepare the windows that six hundred years later they would be not only things of rare beauty but historical documents.

In the two windows lying nearest to the body of the church are portraits in glass of men who helped to shape that early far-off England. They are the ancestors of Eleanor and her husbands, Hugh Despenser and Earl Mortimer.

Real Restoration

These windows are exquisite work, made in the years when glass painting had risen to its greatest glory. Nothing we do now can compare with it. The glass painters loved their work, grudging no time, and went to their deaths happy because they had made beautiful things, after the manner of medieval craftsmen.

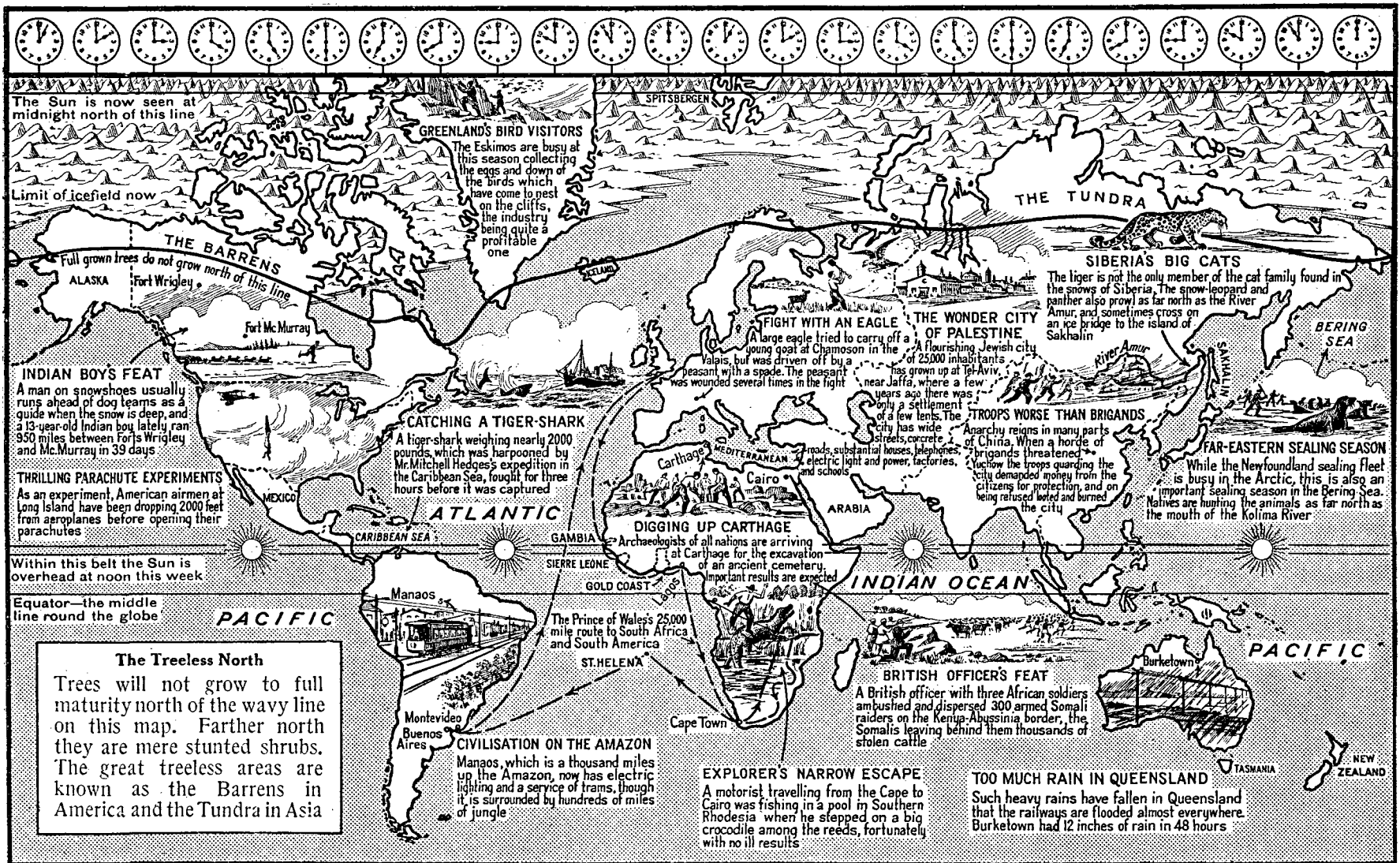
When these inspired generations were forgotten there came periods when workmen were set on the disastrous labour of restoring the old glass. They almost destroyed its loveliness, putting new heads, new pieces to a lovely blue robe, new feet and hands, as they wished, and filling in odd places in other later windows with the fragments of the old. As late as the mid-nineteenth century this barbarism of restoration was carried on.

We live in better times now, when artists and historians see more clearly the priceless value of the old. The work of the restorers has been undone, and for the joy of the coming generations Eleanor de Clare's seven windows in Tewkesbury's grand old Abbey church are almost as they were when she saw them put in six centuries ago.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Caribbean Kar-ib-be-an
Manacs Mah-nah-oosh-
Masai Mah-si
Montevideo Mon-ta-ve-da-o
Papyrus Pah-pi-russ
Silesia Si-le-she-ah
Somali So-mah-le

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



WONDERFUL TURN OF A SPADE

Golden Hoard in a City Garden

The directors of the Hungarian National Museum in Budapest had a great surprise the other week when a man came to the museum and offered them a remarkable collection of golden utensils and precious stones.

The man told them he had found the treasure while digging in his garden, which is close to one of the Budapest railway stations. At first the museum directors could not believe their eyes, but on examination they found that the treasure was even richer than the famous hoard of Attila, which is now housed in Vienna. The objects are thought to be 28 centuries old and are mostly made of heavy gold.

Naturally Budapest is very excited, and many people have taken up treasure hunting round the spot where this wonderful hoard was found.

BRITAIN FAR AWAY

Kind Hearts of New Zealand

Before last Christmas the school of the Jubilee Institute for the Blind in Auckland, New Zealand, had become deficient in some needed equipment, such as a relief map of Europe, models of animals, birds, and fishes, and more Braille typewriters.

A friend of the Institute, Mr. F. Norris of Masterton, thought the school-children of the country might like to supply what was required by each giving a penny of their Christmas money, and the Education Authorities allowed him to make his appeal by a circular.

The result was that all the money immediately needed was supplied; nearly £300 was contributed, or, to be exact, 71,248 pennies. It is just what might be expected from New Zealand children, judging by the New Zealand men who were over here in the Motherland during the war, and won such golden opinions from all who came into contact with them.

POOR BROWN OWL

A Home For a Few Hours

A visitor being expected the other day at a country house in Hampshire, the housemaid was asked to get the spare room ready.

She began proceedings by opening the sunny south window and doubling the mattress over, in order to air it. Returning to the room two or three hours later, she found that a large, brown owl had built herself a nest with torn scraps of a newspaper that had been lying on a chair, placing it under the arch formed by the turned-up mattress, and that she had already laid an egg in her new home.

Sad to say, the housemaid took the egg, which looked like a pigeon's egg, and frightened the poor mother out of the window, very much to the regret of the mistress of the house, who would have tried to find a nook elsewhere in the room where Mrs. Owl might have brought up her family in peace.

On behalf of this good lady the C.N. offers its regrets and greetings to Poor Brown Owl.

THE RED LIGHT AND THE MICROBE

Speeding It Up

How useful microbes can be made to work at double speed by means of light was told the other day at the Royal Institution by Mr. Thorne Baker, who said he had discovered that alcohol for motor fuel can be produced by fermentation far more rapidly if the vessel containing the microbes is flooded with red light.

Other microbes which, when grown in the ordinary way, are of a bright orange colour become green if grown in green light, and white if cultivated in blue light.

The effect of coloured light on microbes might be of great value some time hence, when we are dependent on man-made raw materials.

LIGHT HUNGER

The Daylight Saving Cure

Daylight saving is secure at last, and appropriately enough a doctor has been telling us what a big help to sick people and children it is.

We have heard so much about the advantages and disadvantages of Daylight Saving from the point of view of business and the farmer that we are apt to overlook its value in another way. At the end of the winter many children are suffering from a kind of light hunger, but when better light comes with the spring it brings a surprising increase of health and happiness with it.

It is the spring light in the early morning hours which is so valuable to everyone, so that every hour of daylight saved is a precious thing. For sick people in hospitals the morning light is priceless, but they cannot be moved outside to enjoy it fully.

Light is health, and Daylight Saving, though it may be awkward for the cow, is a wondrous blessing for the children in the hospitals.

A NEW AEROPLANE ENGINE

Swift Flying at Great Heights Now Possible

A French engineer, Louis Damblanc, has invented an aero engine in which is embodied an automatic mechanical device enabling high speeds to be maintained at any elevation.

The ordinary type of engine loses half its efficiency at about 16,500 feet, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere at that height. The same engine, if fitted with M. Damblanc's device, loses very little horse-power under these conditions. The device, which includes an automatic stabiliser, occupies very small space and weighs a little over four pounds.

A RICH MAN'S OFFER AFTER DINNER

Great Chance for 24 Young Men DUTCHMEN TO SEE THEIR EMPIRE

See the Dutch East Indies and gain a new idea of the world!

That was the advice given by a Dutchman, Sir Henry Deterding, who has made his name and fortune out of oil, to his young fellow-countrymen at a dinner given in his honour at Amsterdam.

And then he followed up this after-dinner advice by an after-dinner offer which makes the mouth water. For three years, he said, he would halve the expense of sending 24 young Hollanders out to Java and Sumatra and North Borneo on a trip which is to combine a holiday with education.

What an opportunity for those who are selected to take it! They will see the great ridge of volcanoes in Java. Papan-dayan and its milky lake, the Bromo which gushes forth in the sea of sand that is the crater of another volcano, and great Bali standing sentinel over the straits of Lombok. They will see strange temples, black Boro Budur whose foundation stones were heaved up by volcanoes, and the lava palaces of forgotten princes at Djokjakarta.

The port of Sabang in Sumatra with forest crowding down to deep water, the settlements in Borneo where the traders must hold their own against the sea Dyaks as well as wild nature on land—all these are to be seen. But what Sir Henry Deterding meant them to look at, no doubt, was not the strange beauties of these far lands, but the rice-fields climbing to the mountain tops, the petroleum wells, the rubber plantations, the factories for tapioca and quinine.

A great time they will have, these twenty-four happy young Dutchmen setting off soon by the Netherlands Mail Line to Singapore and the East Indies.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 18 1925

The Old Boatman Who Did Not Count

WE have been reading the story of a brave old boatman who in the lifeboat service saved many lives from wrecks. Once, when his boat had greatly distinguished itself, reporters flocked to the little town to interview the coxswain; but he had nothing to say.

"Now, James Cable," said a reporter, "how many lives have you saved at sea?"

"I don't know," replied James. "I keep no count on 'em."

To the boatman who had risked his own life many and many a time saving the lives of others the work was a plain duty that any man would face and say nothing about it. Why should he? It was a man's natural work. He kept no count of it. He did it as a matter of course, with a sublime simplicity.

It was not for him to "make a song" of such a thing. How sure and sound was the instinct that led him to let his deeds be the only speakers, if they must be known! And how different it was from the habit of many people with smaller souls! They would be bitterly disappointed if any deed of theirs was not trumpet-tongued to all the world. They would ask themselves what they had got by it. They would even question whether it was worth while to run risks in doing it again. That is the difference between a real and a false sense of duty.

Of course brave deeds should be known. Somebody should keep a count of them. They stir the souls of others to heroism, and to a generous warmth of admiration that is good for men. They create the fine spirit which prompts us to regard such deeds as simply natural. The soul that does not respond to them is churlish and mean. But the feeling that most truly fits the doing of noble deeds is modesty, and modesty and true bravery are almost always allied.

If we read aright the characters of men who show true nobility, no matter what their station in life may be, we shall see that they do what they feel is their duty because it is their duty, and not for any other reason. They do not seek applause. They are content with the satisfaction of a right thing well done. It is one of the finest features of the Boy Scout code of honour. It is the touchstone of simple honesty everywhere to let the sense of duty be its own reward.

It is what Jesus meant when He said, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." The truest honour comes to those who "Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." That is how the true man is built.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Two Dogs

STRANGE and inscrutable are the mysteries of life and death. Twice within the last few years the Editor has been moved to print in My Magazine the story of a lovely dog and its wonderful ways, and in both these cases, by an odd and pathetic coincidence, the dogs have died immediately after the telling of their story.

The second case (told in My Magazine this month) is the story of a beautiful dog which is well known near Bournemouth. It had been lent to a neighbour by a kindly old man who was away for a quiet rest after the death of his wife. His dog was now the one friend of his home, and he came back to his lonely house to find the dog gone too.

The Hole in the Stocking

SOMEBODY has been remembering that it was in 1707 that one or two wealthy men in Glasgow began to wonder whether money could not be made over a West India weed called tobacco? They bought a ship, engaged a shrewd seaman, and bade him act as trader as well as captain.

They had long to wait, but at last the stately sails returned from across the Atlantic. The capitalists hurried on board. Round the cabin table they demanded a statement of accounts from the captain. "I can give you none (he said), but in this hoggar are the fruits of the voyage." So saying, he threw on to the table a stocking stuffed with money to the top.

The Glasgow men were delighted. If a rough sailor could do so well, what might not be done by a man versed in accounts? Next time the ship sailed the honest captain was placed in charge of the navigation again, but the financial part was left to a man who knew all about accounts. On his return he presented a clear and beautifully written statement of his transactions, *but there was no hoggar.*

The stocking had evidently had a hole in it.

Charlotte Brontë's Birthday

April 21, 1816

I WILL show you a heroine as plain and small as myself who shall be as interesting as any of you!

Charlotte to her sisters

Charlotte Brontë painted not the world, hardly a corner of the world, but the very soul of one proud and loving girl. That is enough; we need ask no more. It was done with consummate power. We feel that we know her life, from ill-used childhood to her proud matronhood; we know her home, her school, her professional duties, her loves and hates, her agonies and her joys, with that intense familiarity and certainty of vision with which our personal memories are graven on our brain.

Frederic Harrison

Safety First

ONE of the incredible facts of these days is the number of street casualties. The streets of London have become almost a battlefield.

And yet we see policemen every day look on unprotestingly at carelessness which is bound to lead to accident. Every day we see ropes dangling from vans and dragging along the street, sacks hanging on vehicles and swinging dangerously; and the other day a Post Office van crossed crowded Ludgate Circus with its door held wide open by a postman.

If the authorities will not protect us from such recklessness, will the Safety First men please take the matter up?

Tip-Cat

YOU can judge a man's character by his walk. That is, you can take his measure by foot-rule.

AN eminent K.C. says he is indifferent to draughts. Probably he is a chess player.

PUT too many irons in the fire, and one of them will burn you.

SOMEBODY declares he has discovered a liquid that will make a coward brave.

AN American says they have one, but only brave men can drink it.

LENIN (we read) though dead, lives. And Trotsky (we suppose, though alive) is dead.

THE newest wallpapers have landscapes on them. If they clash with the views of the householder there will be a scene.

IF the Christian nations will adopt Christianity they can cut down their expenses by more than half.

A Cowardly Thing

PEOPLE who have discovered how to live for hundreds of years are the heroes of Mr. Bernard Shaw's play Back to Methuselah.

The idea, which brought Mr. Shaw nothing but praise, brought only ruin to poor Asgill, an older writer of long ago. He published a pamphlet which proved "that any given living man might probably never die," and he complained "of the cowardly practice of dying."

Coleridge said he found the "very soul of Swift" in this pamphlet, and praised its logic, but Asgill was expelled from the House of Commons for blasphemy. He got into debt, and after thirty years in prison he died in gaol. We cannot claim that he was wrong simply because he, too, fell into the "cowardly practice" of dying, for, after all, who would care to live for ever in a debtor's prison?

The Light of Other Days

An old lady has passed away, as we read on another page, who once heard Tom Moore sing his own songs. She must have often thought, as generation after generation passed away from her, of these words as Tom Moore wrote and sang them long ago.

OFF, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

WHEN I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

In the Trail of War

IT can never be brought home to people with sufficient force that the horrors of war are not over when peace is signed. Therefore it is well to mark what a traveller has just seen in Austria.

The worst of the after-war misery is over, she says, because death and starvation have carried off the most helpless; but the whole nation is querulous for the same reason that an underfed child is always peevish.

The revolution has not made things better or worse in the ruined country. All classes suffer alike. A civil servant's widow, who would be living in pleasant comfort in Kensington were she English, is starving in Vienna on thirty shillings a month. In one of the hotels there is a notice asking visitors to remember the servants, who receive no wages. The Austrian traveller would not be able to afford more than fivepence a night for the sullen chambermaid who can get no other work to do.

In the old days civilisation was like a sundial. Almost anyone could understand it, and mend it if it got injured. But modern civilisation is a very delicate piece of mechanism, like a watch. Trade, which gives men work, food, and clothing, is the mainspring. Smash that by war, and long years of misery must pass before it can be repaired. Science, liberty, education, literature, music, housing, are all there, painted on the dial of the watch, but the hands of progress cannot move.

April 18, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

7

TENNESSEE MAKES ITSELF RIDICULOUS TRYING TO SWEEP BACK THE OCEAN OF TRUTH

State which Enslaved the Body Seeks to Enslave the Mind

QUEER CORNER OF A GREAT NATION

Tennessee, a State with over 40,000 square miles and over 2,000,000 people, has made itself ridiculous in the eyes of the whole educated world.

Sixty-four years ago Tennessee withdrew from the Union of the United States in order to be free to continue the enslavement of her Negro population; today she withdraws from the community of educated peoples in order to be free to enslave the human mind.

Her State Legislature has passed a Bill which makes it unlawful for any pupil of any school or university of Tennessee to receive teaching about Evolution.

What Will Teachers Do?

It is incredible that such a thing should be done in a civilised community. We must presume that the decision will not take practical effect. Should it do so it is difficult to see what course there can lie before the professors of the 26 colleges and universities of Tennessee, and all the best teachers in her schools, except to seek some wiser place where truth is free.

For nothing is more true than the theory of Evolution, the idea that God made the world, not by a single stroke, as a conjuror with a magic wand, but by marvellous and gradual unfoldings through countless ages. Through a series of wondrous changes, and not by a single or sudden act, the world has come to be what it is.

A Sublime Thought

It is this wonderful view of Creation that fills the mind with a sublime and solemn wonder as we think of it; as Darwin himself said:

There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved.

Yet it is this theory, now established to the satisfaction of everybody, that Tennessee will not allow its children (or even its grown-ups!) to be taught. It is curious, as we think of it, to remember that a letter to America was one of the most important pieces of evidence that Darwin was first with this epoch-making idea. It is a strange story.

The Origin of Species

Darwin had had his facts in writing for 16 years before he wrote an important letter to the American scientist, Dr. Asa Gray, outlining his belief as to the way in which the various species of plants and animals have originated. We all know the theory today—that all existing species are the modified descendants of types which formerly existed and that, in the course of descent, parent species have frequently given rise to daughter species, modified in various ways. That law now stands beyond all challenge, though Darwin's views have naturally been improved upon since.

But, while Darwin was toiling in England, Alfred Russel Wallace was at work in the East building up a scheme of thought similar to Darwin's. Neither knew of the other's work, but in 1858, like a thunderbolt, came a letter from Wallace to Darwin, enclosing an essay on the very subject which Darwin thought no one but himself had touched.

Fortunately Darwin's own manuscript had been read years before in private by a few English scientists, and he had

TWO OLD LADIES LEAVE THIS WORLD

Two wonderful old ladies have just passed on and left this world poorer. One had lived in five reigns and the other in four. Mrs. Cunningham Graham Bontine was 97, and Mrs. Bessie Rayner Belloc was 95. Both were the mothers of distinguished sons, writers and politicians who survive them.

Mrs. Bontine was born on board a man of war commanded by her father, an admiral, off the Venezuelan coast in 1828, the year when the Duke of Wellington first became Prime Minister and Sir Walter Scott published his Tales of a Grandfather.

She used to meet Louis Napoleon at the house of her cousin in London before he made himself Emperor of the

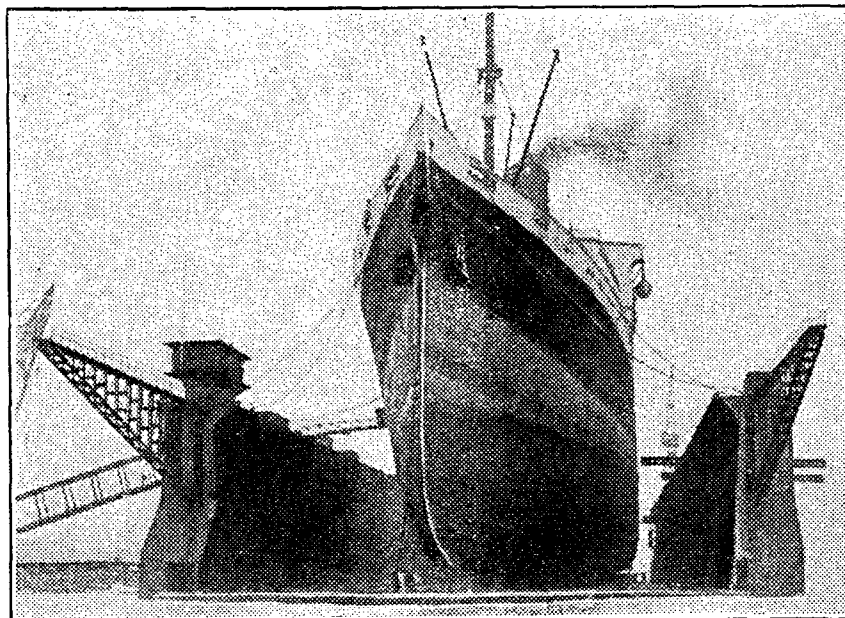
French. She heard Tom Moore sing his own beautiful songs of Ireland.

Mrs. Belloc was a great-granddaughter of Dr. Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, and she knew Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Browning, and George Eliot. With Harriet Martineau and Florence Nightingale she signed the first petition for women's suffrage ever presented to Parliament.

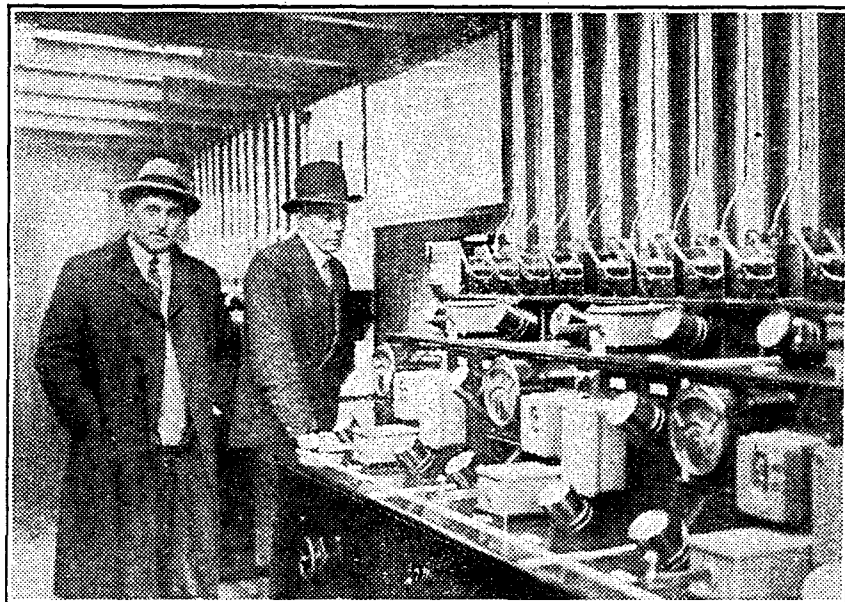
A friend writing in The Times beautifully says of her:

The sorrows inseparable from old age had not broken her fine spirit, which, though at rest, will still shine for many as an example of how life may be lived with diligence and grace regardless of the flight of time.

THE BIGGEST SHIP IN THE BIGGEST DRY DOCK



The Majestic in the dry dock, raised out of the water



The Harbour Master and Dock Master in the control room during the lifting

A weight-lifting feat was performed at Southampton the other day when the Majestic, 56,551 tons, the world's longest steamship, was raised bodily out of the water by the world's biggest dry dock, as shown in these pictures. Though the American liner, Leviathan, claims to have a heavier tonnage since its alteration, the Majestic is eight feet longer

written to Dr. Gray, in 1857, telling him of his theory. Darwin, therefore, had clearly proved himself first in the race.

The freakish decision of Tennessee in the matter is not important. The courtiers of Canute did not see him stay the tide, nor did Mrs. Partington's mop sweep the ocean back. The three tailors of Tooley Street no doubt made good trousers, but they were not the people of England, nor are the State Legislators of Tennessee the people of America. Yet their decision is a pity, for it is a return, on a contemptible scale, to the days when inspired learning and discovery brought scholars and thinkers within sight of the rack.

Four centuries ago, at Salamanca, a friendless man stood before a con-

ference of the most learned men in Europe and risked his life to declare that the Earth is round, and that he would sail to the West to find the East. Had the powerful people of those days been allowed to do with him as they wished, he would have perished in a dungeon. But he was steadfast and victorious, and he won his way. His name was Columbus, and he found America and opened the gates of knowledge which Tennessee is trying to close.

The world will laugh, and Tennessee will undo this work of her legislators. She lies by the Great Smoky Mountains, and when the smoke has blown away she will see clear, as all the world outside her sees, the truth of God as it shines in the skies.

A GREAT MAN'S GRANDSON

MODEST ARTIST PASSES

One of the Children in Whom Victor Hugo Found Delight

SAD EVENT THAT LIVES IN POETRY

By Our Paris Correspondent

A few years ago a critic wrote of Georges Hugo, concerning his artistic temperament and his habit of keeping in the background: *Being the grandson of Victor Hugo, he desires nothing more.*

Now Georges Hugo is dead, and it is true that his life, his books, his notes, his sketches, his paintings, confirm the sentiment that the artist preferred to sacrifice all his own renown to his pride in being the grandson of the immortal French writer. But now the Victor Hugo Museum has given a large place to a collection of paintings by Georges Hugo.

A Tragedy of the Seine

With him disappears for us the "Little Georges, sweet little Georges," of Victor Hugo's book "The Art of Being a Grandfather"; and we are reminded of the great delight the great man found in the company of his grandchildren. But this very thought reminds us, too, of one of the saddest tragedies that ever came into the life of a man, the tragedy of Villequier.

It was on Saturday, September 9, 1843, in a restaurant at Rochefort, that a traveller, who had just sat down at a small table and ordered his lunch, was glancing through the papers. People near him saw him suddenly turn deathly white, press his hand to his heart as if in pain, then rise quickly and leave the place. This man was Victor Hugo. He had read the news of the tragic death of his daughter Léopoldine, drowned in the Seine at Villequier.

Left in Loneliness

Hugo started for Villequier immediately. All the places in the coach being occupied, he hoisted himself up among the luggage.

What must have been his thoughts on that almost endless journey of 300 miles? How many times must he not have recalled his joyful departure a few weeks before, when he tenderly embraced the daughter he would never see again? What a void the marriage of this young girl of twenty had made in his home we know by the lines dedicated to her by Victor Hugo during the last days of her life. "Take joy with you and leave us loneliness," he wrote.

Loneliness! What was loneliness beside the overwhelming grief that would crush the poet when he learned all the details of this terrible accident? A storm of wind had overturned the boat, and the young husband, unable to save his wife, had chosen to die with her rather than live alone.

Her Dear Presence

How deeply this terrible drama darkened the whole life of the poet is seen when we read his verses about this daughter. He had worshipped her. Hugo was 22 when Léopoldine was born, in 1824, and the poet wrote beautifully of the pure light of her eyes as witness to the fact that it was not long since "she bade farewell to Paradise."

Each morning the child would invade his room, cheering him with her "Good morning, little Papa." Whether she opened his books, captured his pen, disarranged his papers, her dear presence never banished inspiration. "She made my life prosper," he would say; "my work light, my sky blue."

A whole book of his thoughts is the deep echo of this great sorrow that inspired some of Victor Hugo's most beautiful verses. That is why the terrible tragedy of Villequier has escaped from the list of everyday occurrences and become a fact in the history of literature.

THE EMPIRE'S HARVEST FIELDS A COLLEGE THAT HELPS THEM

The Splendid Work Going on
in Trinidad

EDUCATING WORKERS FOR THE PLANTATIONS

City men, the Lord Mayor, Lord Derby, Lord Milner, and Lord Burnham among them, are working hard to raise a fund of £100,000 to complete the Research Estate and Agricultural Laboratory at Trinidad.

The Estate will be part of the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture which is about to move into new and permanent buildings. The Government of Trinidad presented the college with 84 acres of land and a grant of £50,000, and the Governments of other West India colonies, as well as the Imperial Government, have helped generously. So also have the planters and merchants of the island.

Sugar and Cotton

But the work of the college, which has 32 students from all over the Empire, is of so wide a scope that greater sums will be needed if it is to accommodate all who wish to study tropical agriculture there. Whether in the West or in the East, the need for skilled management in the conduct of tropical plantations is urgent. Certain qualities of solid honesty and commanding character are possessed by the average young Britisher who goes out to a plantation, but usually he has no practical training, and it is this practical knowledge which the new school gives.

The British manufacturers of sugar machinery have presented a complete factory in miniature, costing £20,000, and provided with the most modern machinery for crushing, and for extracting, clarifying, and crystallising. The students will man the factory under skilled direction, and study the work in each department thoroughly before moving on to the next.

Trinidad's Great Fertility

Similarly, the cotton manufacturers have given large sums in the hope of educating a skilled generation of practical students of cotton in all its phases of growth.

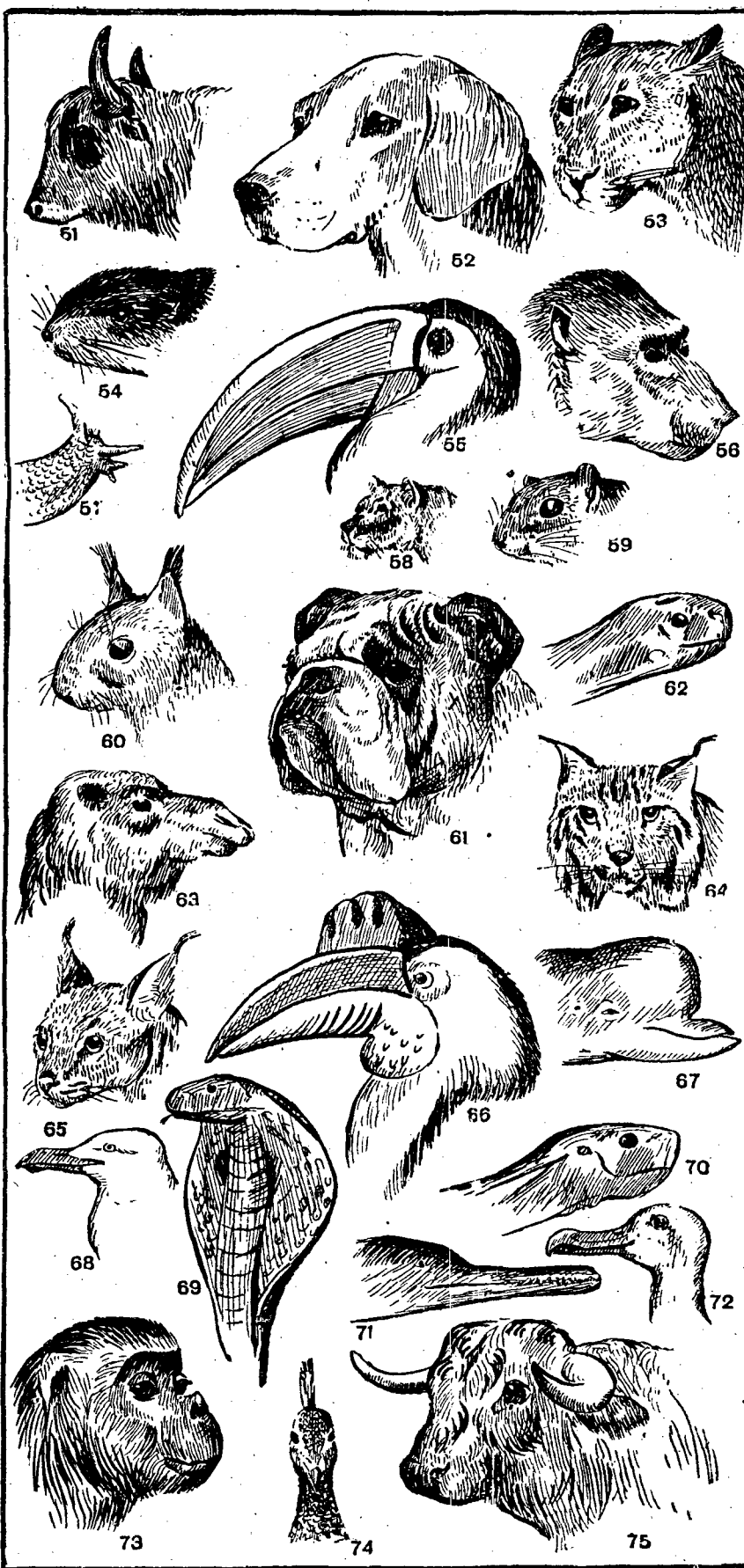
Until 1919 the headquarters of the college were in Barbados, an island devoted to a single crop, sugar. Trinidad, on the contrary, has not only become a most important junction of steamship lines, but produces in profusion sugar, fruits, rubber, asphalt, coffee, cocoa, rice, maize, coconuts, and timber. It is therefore of the highest importance that the owners of plantations of such various characters are lending their assistance to the work of the college by welcoming visits of the students and showing them all there is to be seen on their estates.

Magnificent Scenery

The new concrete buildings of the college, with their fine laboratories, airy classrooms and offices, and comfortable quarters, are not yet ready for occupation, but will be opened this year. Up till now the work has been carried on in a wooden building, cleverly adapted for its purposes, and with the advantage of a beautiful situation in magnificent scenery, seven miles from Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad, with which it is connected by road and railway.

When all is ready for the change into the permanent quarters, the brilliant director, Dr. Martin Leake, will be able to boast that he guides the fortunes of one of the most handsome and indispensable institutions of the Empire.

100 HEADS: WHERE ARE THEIR BODIES? £100 for the Answer



THIS is the third set of animal heads in our great Natural History test. The first two sets have already appeared in the C.N., and the final set will appear next week. Altogether there will be 100 heads.

In the Children's Pictorial, the C.N.'s sister paper, during the same four weeks will be found the bodies belonging to these heads. All the heads shown in the C.N. belong to the bodies in the Children's Pictorial for the corresponding week, and you can begin working on the test now. You can get your friends to help you in this novel and instructive game. Keep your pictures and your lists and coupons till the fourth week, when we shall explain fully how the lists should be sent in.

£100 is offered to the reader of either paper who can most correctly identify the bodies belonging to the heads. It is not necessary to name the creatures; all you have to do is to make a list of numbers in columns from

1 to 100 for the C.N. heads and then to put in a second column against each number the number of the body in the C.P. which belongs to the same animal. Thus

C.N.	C.P.
57	61

and so on. The snail's body, which is number 61 in the C.P., obviously belongs to the snail's head which is number 57 in the C.N.

In addition to the first prize of £100 for the most correct answer, there will be a second prize of £10, and fifty prizes of £1 each for the next fifty competitors in order of merit. The Editor's decision is final. Employees of the proprietors of the C.N. may not compete.

Children's Newspaper

Natural History Coupon No. 3

Keep this till the sets are completed

THE AERODYNAMO Power from the Wind NEW DEVICE MADE IN GERMANY

Although the use of water-power has made immense strides during the last fifty years, the use of wind-power has declined considerably.

All over the country we see neglected and ruined windmills, and although a few modern wind-motors are in use it has been found difficult to construct anything strong enough to resist damage by high winds.

It is good news, therefore, to hear of a new wind-motor which has been invented in Germany, and seems likely to make possible the general use of wind-power in places where there is no other power supply. The machine is known as the Aerodynamo, and its design embodies all the knowledge and experience gained through long study of aeroplane propellers and resistances.

On a Concrete Mast

Mounted on a reinforced concrete mast, the machine can be set up, or moved from one place to another, in a few hours. Its "propeller" consists of four blades, the shape of which has been proved to give the greatest efficiency. A generator, to transform the energy of the wind into electric power, is geared to the propeller shaft, and by placing the propeller behind the generator and the support there is no need of a guiding vane to keep the machine in the wind. The generator and gearing are enclosed in a hood of streamline shape, and thus cause very little interference with air currents.

The propeller blades are fitted with patent air brakes which, by an ingenious device, automatically prevent excessive speed of the propeller even during the highest winds; and a further brake fitted to the propeller shaft will stop the machine entirely if necessary.

A BIRD'S PARADISE A Peep at a Sanctuary

By Our Paris Correspondent

Are birds able to read? Do they understand the name upon the gate? One asks oneself such questions after seeing the sanctuary for birds not far from Paris, in the neighbourhood of Montmorency.

Perhaps in their way birds do understand, for they never make a mistake about this place. They know that beyond this wall, past this lattice-work, they will find a shelter for the winter in a lovely park. They know that the great trees hold comfortable nests of wood for them. They know that the lodging is free for all, whether finch or robin, or tit or nightingale. If frost hardens the water a kind hand will never fail to deal out some drink for the little pensioners.

"It is a lot of work for you," you are inclined to say to the lady who takes you about the park.

"No, not so much," she answers. "My little boy even boasts he is able to do it all himself."

So of course you want to see that boy. He is putting up new nests in the chestnut tree. "I have been a member of the League for Protection of Birds since I was five," he proudly explains.

"But why do you protect the birds?" you ask.

"Ah, because they are so fragile and so beautiful, you see! Besides, they are very useful, too. If there were more birds in France there would undoubtedly be more wheat, and the price of bread would probably be kept down."

And young Lionel Vennier becomes so excited that you would give anything for all the cruel people who kill birds to hear him talk—especially if the Monte Carlo pigeon butchers could hear him.

April 18, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

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BRINGING THEIR
COWS TO SCHOOLHOW THE MASAI BOYS
PAY THEIR FEESThe Capital Work Being Done
in an African Tribe

KENYA'S NATIVES

The Masai are an African tribe who lived in the colony we call Kenya before we went there.

They were a people whose wealth was in their cattle, with which they wandered far and wide. They were also well trained in warfare and feared by all their neighbours. But this is what is told of them today by Major Hans Vischer, secretary of the committee dealing with native education.

When white people came, and their old style of living became no more possible, they were for a time in a bad way. Disease and sickness came upon them, and made their numbers fewer. They were like people lost between the old and the new.

Then the Officer in Charge came to the rescue and formed a school, and put in charge a naval officer and his wife. About one hundred boys came to the school.

The School Dairy

Our readers may have seen on their school-bills that payment may be made by cheque, or, if their fathers prefer it, by notes. But the Masai had no notes and no cheques, so each boy brought for his school-fees a small herd of cattle.

Now the Masai are a pastoral people; they do not like farm-work such as ploughing and reaping. Blacksmiths, in former days, were outcasts among them. But the first thing done at this school was to set up a model dairy, where butter was made. The old chiefs came to the school, saw the butter, and learned what good prices it fetched. Why should not they make butter, too?

The boys knew that cows gave them milk; but they did not know what other uses cattle might serve. So their teachers taught them how to use oxen to draw wagons.

Work on the Farm

When the wagons needed repairs the question arose, How were the boys to be taught to do the work, which in their tribe had always been left to the outcast blacksmith? It needed cleverness to make a smithy which would not remind them of the old smithy; but the teachers succeeded in this as in everything else.

In time the boys were taught to plough and to do all the other work of a farm. But it was not all work; they had games to fill their leisure time, and were shown the true way of living by teachers who used a Masai version of the New Testament for their instruction.

From the boys of the school the good ways became known to their parents. New occupations and new sources of wealth, and new games are becoming known; and in this way the attraction of the old fierce life is dying, and a busy, peaceful life is taking its place.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

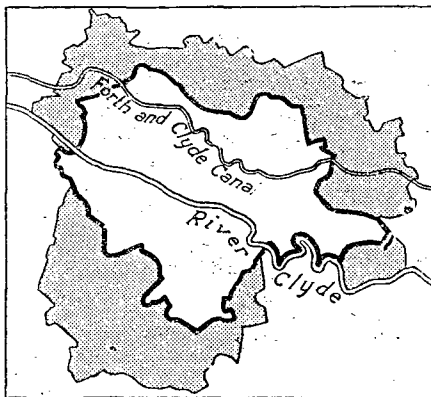
A French book of costume.	£4700
Oenone and Paris, a 1594 poem	£3800
A shorthorn bull	£1995
A.1535 booklet	£760
A picture by Raeburn.	£483
Francis Lenton's Characterismi	£260
4 Queen Anne candlesticks.	£161
George II silver coffee-pot	£149
1st edition of Lorna Doone.	£80
Milton's poems 1673, uncut	£75
A Swiss stamp of 1849.	£60
The Young Pretender's sash	£37

DOUBLING A GREAT
CITY

Elbow-Room for Glasgow

The City Council of Glasgow, which is, of course, one of the busiest and most congested cities in the world, are trying to carry out a very ambitious plan.

Glasgow has already well over a million people living on 19,183 acres; but it is expanding fast, and shooting out new lungs into the country. Nearly all the new houses are outside the city boundary, and the Council claims that



Glasgow and its proposed extension

as these are built at the city's expense they should be part of the city.

The plan is for Glasgow to more than double its size by taking over 22,000 acres from the counties of Renfrew, Lanark, and Dumbarton. Though doubling its size, this would add only 35,000 to its population. What Glasgow wants is not more people, but more elbow-room, and its claim to more land seems reasonable.

Manchester, which has fewer people than Glasgow, covers a larger area.

SIR JOHN MOORE'S
BURIALC.N. Reader Who Talked with
One Who Saw It

A Conway reader sends us this interesting note concerning the never-ending question of the burial of Sir John Moore.

My great uncle was one of those who took part in the burial of Sir John Moore, and had there been any mistake in the time (for the poem was well known then) I think he would have mentioned the fact to my father, who lived with him for some years.

It was a Dr. Tudor, I believe, who attended Sir John Moore just before he died, and I have a part of the scarf the doctor wore at the time. A friend had it made into neckties, and gave me one.

I wish this news about the burial had been in your paper three years earlier, for my father used to read the C.N. with much interest, and would have had a great deal to say on the subject. He was 92 when he died.

LIGHT FROM A LITTLE
RIVER

A Fine Scheme in Lakeland

Water-power is becoming more and more developed in the Lake District, and the River Leven will soon supply Grange-over-Sands with electric light.

The Leven is one of the merriest of little rivers; what it lacks in size it makes up for in variety.

Flowing out of Lake Windermere as a deep, rush-bordered river, in less than a mile it changes to a shallow, rushing stream, dancing its way to the sea over rocks and boulders. And then suddenly, as if tired of its play, it sobers down again to a sluggish tidal channel in the sands of Morecambe Bay.

At Backbarrow, three miles below Lake Windermere, the Leven takes a flying leap of 30 feet. And here the engineers will instal their turbines and send an 11,000-volt current to Grange-over-Sands and the surrounding district.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What are Ice Saints?

Dr. Brewer describes them as the saints whose days fall in the "blackthorn winter," that is, the second week in May.

Of What Carat Gold were Sovereigns
Made Before the War?

Of standard gold, that is 22 carat, or 22 parts gold to 2 parts alloy.

Is Milk an Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral
Substance?

Obviously an animal substance, as it is produced by live animals.

How are Mosquitoes Destroyed?

The best way to destroy mosquitoes wholesale is to cover the pools in which they breed with a thin layer of paraffin, which suffocates the larvae.

Who First Used Gas?

Natural gas is said to have been used centuries ago by the Chinese, but the first to make and use coal gas for lighting was William Murdock, who, in 1792, lighted his house in Cornwall.

What were Julius Caesar's Last Words?

Probably the words in Latin, "Et tu, Brute!" although according to Suetonius some authors declared he said in Greek to Brutus, "What! art thou, too, one of them? Thou, my son."

Are the Peewit, Lapwing, and Plover the
Same Bird?

The lapwing, known to science as *Vanellus vulgaris*, is also called the peewit from its cry. It has more than a dozen other local names, including that of green plover.

Is it True that Burning Ears Means
Someone is Talking About Us?

No; Sir Thomas Browne attributes the idea to the old belief that guardian angels touch the right ear if talk about us is favourable, and the left ear if talk is unfavourable.

What Does Selah Mean in the Bible?

No one can say with certainty. The meaning has now been lost, but it is believed to be a liturgical term indicating the place where in the singing the worshippers were to lift up their voices or the instruments were to come in loudly.

Are There More Suns Than Ours?

Every star that we see twinkling in the night sky is a sun many times larger than ours, and there are millions of them. You should read our astronomer's column on page 9, week by week to learn about the wonders of these giant suns.

If Gravitation Draws all Things toward the
Earth's Centre, Why do Some Gases Rise?

The Earth draws all the gases toward the centre, but some being denser are more affected by the attraction, and so the less dense or lighter gases rise till they meet a layer of their own or lesser density.

Who Invented the Submarine?

A submarine boat is said to have been invented about 1578, and one is believed to have been tried in the Thames early in the 17th century. Robert Fulton made experiments in Napoleon's time, but it was Nordenfelt's submarine, constructed at Stockholm in 1883, from which the modern submarine developed.

What Kind of Instrument is the
Glockenspiel?

This is the German name for a carillon of bells, once much in vogue, and still common in Holland. The name is also improperly applied to the instrument used in military music consisting of variously-tuned steel bars loosely fastened to a lyre-like frame and struck with a small hammer.

Is the "Thin Red Line" the Same as the
Light Brigade at Balaclava?

No; the Light Brigade was a body of cavalry made up of the 13th Light Dragoons, 17th Lancers, 11th Hussars, 8th Hussars, and 4th Light Dragoons, which made the famous charge described in Tennyson's poem. The Thin Red Line was the 93rd Highlanders, so described by Dr. W. H. Russell, the war correspondent, because they did not trouble to form into square.

Has the Moon Any Heat, or is it Cold?

The lunar rocks are exposed to the Sun's rays in a cloudless sky for 14 days at a time, and if they were protected by air like the rocks of the Earth they would certainly become intensely heated. During the long lunar night of 14 days the temperature must fall appallingly low, probably to 200 degrees below zero Centigrade. With modern apparatus it is easy to perceive the heat of lunar radiation, but it is difficult to measure it.

NEXT WEEK'S
METEORSCHANCE FOR WATCHERS
OF THE NIGHT SKYEarth Passing Through the
Trail of a Comet

VISITORS FROM DISTANT SPACE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The Lyrid meteors are expected next week, and the Moon being absent from the night sky should give watchers a very good opportunity for detecting some of them.

The Earth will be in their proximity between Monday and Wednesday next; but whether she will pass into the meteor swarm when it is night-time in this country cannot be foretold.

Of course, if it is daylight in this part of the world while the Earth is passing through the main stream of these cometary particles, the display will probably be a poor one; but if not, observers will be well rewarded. Last year very few Lyrids were seen, but in 1923 they were more plentiful, one observer noting about 60 in the course of two nights; while in 1922 still better results were obtained, upwards of twelve per hour being noted on an average.

Travelling at 30 Miles a Second

Travelling at about 30 miles a second through our atmosphere, they usually leave a streak that lingers for several seconds before the incandescence in this trail of gases dies out, and the residue falls as meteoric dust to the ground.

Mr. W. J. Denning, the leading authority on meteors, placed on record interesting details of the brightest Lyrid meteor observed in 1922. On the night of April 21, two expert observers at Stowmarket and one at Ipswich saw this particular meteor, of course from different localities, but so precise were the particulars they sent to Mr. Denning as to time of appearance and disappearance, direction of flight, and attitude at different points, that Mr. Denning was able to calculate that the meteor first appeared at a height of 77 miles, travelled for 51 miles through the upper air, at the rate of 30 miles a second, and vanished, after being entirely consumed at a height of 49 miles.

This may be taken as typical of these brilliant Lyrids. They may be seen rather late at night, though early in the morning before daybreak offers the best chances of seeing a good display, for then we in Britain are in front of the Earth and heading almost straight for them, and the meteors will appear to rush at us from a point nearly overhead.

Where to Look

However, by ten o'clock at night (summer time) the region of the sky from which the meteors are approaching will be above the north-eastern horizon, and may be identified, because it is close to Vega, which will be by far the brightest orb in that part of the heavens.

The point from which these so-called shooting stars will appear to come is a little to the right of Vega, about twelve times the Moon's apparent width away. Though called Lyrids, they have nothing to do with the stars of Lyra, but are the debris left behind by the first Comet of 1861.

This visitor came from far beyond the orbit of Neptune, and is now returning to some remote spot, many thousands of millions of miles from us and the Sun. A long trail of particles is following in its wake, and at great speed just where the orbit of our Earth crosses that of the Comet at this time of the year; and so, if we observe a few of these meteors dash into our atmosphere, we shall see the absorption of bodies which, 200 years ago, were two or three times as far off as Neptune.

Other Worlds. Jupiter south-east before sunrise. In the evening, Mars in the west, Saturn south-east after 9 p.m.

THE WIZARD OF KANDARA

A Story of Adventure
in Wildest Africa

CHAPTER 32
Anxious Moments

NEIL had hoped, by discharging his revolver in the air, to turn back his pursuers.

The war canoe was now near enough for him to recognise those on board as a party of civic guards, with whom were several priests—rascals who had officiated at the barbaric Feast of Moloch.

There were certainly many of these who had not the courage to face even a single man with a modern firearm; but those who rowed the canoe were protected by long shields that extended on either side from the bows to the stern; and these did not desist from rowing as vigorously as ever.

Neil cast an anxious look toward the island; and saw at once that it would be touch-and-go. The leading boat was then not more than two or three hundred yards from the foot of the flight of steps that led to the monastery; whereas the war canoe in pursuit was but a little way astern of the boat in which was Neil himself.

Presently those in the bows of the canoe would be well within range of the boy's revolver. Neil was resolved not to fire till he found himself compelled to do so; but when a stream of arrows came whistling past his head, and the men of the war canoe were so close to him that he could see the whites of their eyes, he opened fire in self-defence.

It was a moment of intense excitement. Throwing himself down in the body of the boat, Neil rested the barrel of his revolver upon the gunwale, and fired one shot after another. At the same time he shouted at the top of his voice to the fishermen, assuring them that they would be safe when once they succeeded in landing on the island.

Neil's boat was some distance astern of the others, and the boy already realised that, even if he lost his own life, he would succeed in his object. There would be boats enough to convey Dario and most of his men back to Kandara.

The air was alive with the arrows, the majority of which fell harmlessly into the calm water of the lake. However, the gallant young fisherman who rowed Neil's boat was in greater danger than anyone else, for he was obliged to stand more or less upright to work his oar, and offered therefore a clear target for the enemy.

Regardless of his danger, the man worked desperately, until the perspiration poured off his sunburned, naked shoulders. And then, upon a sudden, he was struck. An arrow caught him in the throat, and with a loud cry of pain he fell.

The other man hastened at once to take his place; while Neil, reloading the chambers of his revolver, opened a more rapid fire than ever. The war canoe was now at so close a range that almost every bullet found its mark.

And, even as he fired, Neil cast more than one quick glance toward the shore. He could see the black rocks at the bottom of the stone steps, but no sign of life was to be seen anywhere upon the island, and the boy's heart sank within him.

He could not think what could have happened to Dario and the others. If no help came from the shore, his own boats must certainly be captured, and he himself put instantly to death.

And then at the eleventh hour, when one or two of the leading boats had already grounded on a strip of sandy beach that lay a little to the left of the jetty at the bottom of the steps, the second man in Neil's canoe was even more seriously wounded than the first.

An arrow pierced his right side. He threw up both arms, and fell heavily. Fortunately, the oar was

Told by Major
Charles Gilson

attached to the stern by a rope twisted around a kind of bollard; otherwise it must have fallen into the water and been lost. Neil, springing to his feet, threw down his revolver and rushed to the oar.

The boy had no skill in this particular method of rowing, which consisted of swaying the body backward and forwards, so that the boat is propelled forward in the same fashion as a fish swims by means of its tail. But what Neil lacked in knowledge he endeavoured to make up for in energy.

To Neil Ranson, those brief and breathless seconds were like many hours. It seemed to him, with the arrows of his enemies streaming past his ears, that the boat progressed at a snail's pace.

For those in the canoe were now sanguine of success, though more than one of them had been killed or wounded. They believed that the boy could never escape.

There was a moment when Neil gave himself up for lost. The prow of the war canoe was but a few feet away from him; the rocky shore was still twenty or thirty yards distant. Many of the fishermen had already landed, and these, panic-stricken and fearful of the vengeance that would be wreaked upon them, were running in all haste up the long flight of stone steps toward the monastery.

Neil looked about him in despair. He could see quite clearly the faces of those in the war canoe, on board which the villainous priests were already gloating over their victory. The air was filled with their loud shouts of triumph, and so sure were they of capturing their prize that they had even desisted from discharging their arrows—when upon a sudden there arose from out of the midst of the rocks that fringed the island shore a full-throated, thunderous battle-cry that died away in echoes across the water.

And on the instant it was as if that still and lonely island were stirred to sudden life. The sunshine glittered everywhere upon the armour of the heroes of the Bodyguard. And in the foreground, rushing forward until he was almost knee-deep in water, was Dario himself, bearded, dazzling, the great sword in his right hand that no common man could wield.

Those in the canoe might yet have saved themselves, had they kept their heads. There might have been time for them to back water, to turn the canoe about, and row for safety, though even then many would have been slain—for the great bows of the men of the Bodyguard were bent and their bowstrings twanged, as one after the other the arrows sped on their way.

But, as a matter of fact, there was not a man in the canoe who did not lose possession of his presence of mind. It is true, the rowers ceased to row, but they shipped their oars, with the result that the canoe, flying forward under the impetus of its velocity, grounded on the sandy beach in the very midst of Dario's men.

CHAPTER 33

The Attack on the Palace

THAT which followed is not worthy of the name of a fight; for Punhri's priests and ill-trained soldiers dared not match themselves against the warriors of the Bodyguard. For the most part they flung themselves down on their knees and begged for mercy; and there is small doubt that little mercy would have been shown them, had Dario had his way.

It was Henry Tremayne who intervened, assuring the Captain of the Bodyguard that further bloodshed would be unnecessary and even harmful to their cause.

By that time John Fountain had grasped Neil by a hand.

"How did you get here, my

boy?" he asked. "We thought you a prisoner in Punhri's hands."

"I was indeed a prisoner," Neil explained; "but I was lucky enough to escape and to find my way to Kandara. Punhri himself is there, and is now attacking the Palace."

At this juncture they were joined by Tremayne. Dario was already shepherding the prisoners, all of whom had delivered up their arms.

"Neil," said Tremayne, "you may have saved the situation. That remains to be seen. We were caught like rats in a trap. We have had nothing to fear for ourselves—for we are a strong party and every man is well armed—but we have been bottled up here for hours like so many goldfish in a glass tank. Every boat has been sunk, and we have therefore been unable to return to the mainland."

"When I came within sight of the island," said Neil, "I began to have grave doubts as to whether you were here at all. I could not see a living soul."

Tremayne laughed.

"That's likely to be true enough," said he. "We did not intend you to see us. It is enough that we caught sight of you when you were a long way away. We saw your boats approaching through the mist, and then we caught sight of the war canoe in hot pursuit. We were then in the monastery on the hilltop; but we lost no time in hastening down the steps, at the foot of which we lay in ambush among the rocks. We knew well enough that, if the rascals caught sight of us, they would immediately turn and run for their lives."

"And we wanted the canoe," said Fountain. "We wanted it badly; for your eight small fishing boats would not be enough to take the lot of us ashore."

"And as to that," said Neil, "there's no time to lose! Idina has assured me that he will hold out at the Palace till the last man has fallen. This morning Punhri summoned all his supporters to arms. The men of the Bodyguard who remain in the Palace will be outnumbered."

"Then we will waste no time with words," said Tremayne. "We can leave our prisoners here, where their friends, the monks, can entertain them. As for the rest of us—as well as the worthy fishermen who have brought you here—we must return to Kandara in all haste, not only to save the life of the Queen, but the lives of Idina and the gallant men who are under his command."

In less than five minutes the whole party had embarked on board the boats and the war canoe. A long rope had been obtained from the monastery, by means of which

the smaller boats were towed in the wake of the canoe, so that the whole party might land at the same time in the harbour of Kandara. If they attempted to disembark on the mainland in small parties, there was a chance that each in turn might be attacked and overpowered by the men whom Punhri had left to guard the wharves and jetties.

On their way across the lake the two fishermen who had been wounded were attended by Tremayne, who was skilled in surgery. They were found to be seriously, but not dangerously, hurt; both declared that they were only too proud to have been honourably wounded in the service of the Queen.

Their comrades took the long oars in the war canoe; for they were men who had lived all their lives on the lake, and were powerful rowers, while Dario desired to keep his own men fit for the combat that he knew was in front of them.

They had not completed half their journey before they overhauled the other boats that had come out from the harbour in support of the war canoe. These had been left a long way behind, but seeing the glitter of armour upon the shore of the lake, they had immediately turned back and raced for safety.

They now gave the canoe and the boats that accompanied it a wide berth. Neither Dario nor Tremayne had any intention of wasting valuable time in attacking men who were no longer in a position to do them any harm.

For all that, it was long past midday, and the Sun was beginning to sink toward the snow-capped mountains in the west, when they drew alongside one of the wharves.

Though many of Punhri's soldiers and armed priests were crowded on the shore, there was not one man among them who dared to discharge an arrow or throw a spear. The very sight of the great Dario himself, standing at his full height in the prow of the canoe, the red Sun glittering on his golden armour, was enough to strike cold fear into their craven hearts.

They stood herded together, like so many frightened sheep, staring blankly and amazed at their approaching enemies. And then, one man taking upon a sudden to his heels, the others did not hesitate to follow his example.

"Sheep!" roared the Captain of the Bodyguard, as he sprang ashore, brandishing his sword. "Sheep you are, and I'll make mutton of whomsoever comes within the circle of my sword!"

But before then they were away, scurrying through the back streets of the city, where no doubt the loud voice of Dario—which was, indeed, like the roar of a lion—came to their ears as they ran.

Dario formed up his men, and presently the whole party set forward through the great gate in the wall and along the main street that led to the Palace.

They had not gone far before they heard the sounds of the conflict that was there taking place.

A great mob was shouting as one man. They could hear the heavy thud of Punhri's battering-ram directed on the outer Palace wall. And they could hear too the brave shouts for the Queen of Idina's men who still manfully held the gate.

Dario gave the command for his soldiers to advance at the double; and even as they broke into a run there came a crash, like the falling of an avalanche, that resounded throughout the city.

They wheeled into the main street that led from the Square of the Obelisk. The Palace was to their left; and they saw at once that the great wall had been battered down; and over the debris and the rubble and the broken brickwork Punhri's men were swarming into the courtyard and the gardens.

The outer wall was captured. The Queen's life was in jeopardy. The Sorcerer was all but master of the day.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Who Was He?

A Romantic Warrior

NO more romantic story of conquest is to be found anywhere in the annals of history than that of a Spaniard who was born towards the end of the fifteenth century and grew up as a boy at a time when every Spaniard's imagination was fired with enthusiasm and adventure on account of the recent discovery of a new world on the other side of the Atlantic.

This boy was to be a lawyer, but his disposition was very turbulent, and when he was seventeen he arranged to go to Hispaniola with a relative who had been appointed governor of that island. But having met with an accident, he had to wait two years longer.

At last he went, and after distinguishing himself during the conquest of Cuba he was chosen to undertake the conquest of a distant country.

With a few hundred men, 18 horses, and ten cannon he sailed, and, landing, had the most amazing experiences of any of those romantic conquerors of the New World. The story of his conquests reads like a thrilling novel.

Of course the fact that the natives had never before seen firearms or horses gave him a tremendous advantage, for at first his appearance inspired terror, but despite this his successes were truly amazing.

As the commander approached the native capital all kinds of tricks were played to keep him away, but at last he reached it and met the ruler. When a plot was formed by certain of the natives the Spanish general seized their ruler and others, and executed the supposed guilty persons in a particularly cruel manner.

All through, his methods were ruthless, and in the name of civilisation and religion he carried fire and sword through the land. Not only had he native enemies to deal with, but his own countrymen plotted against him, and though on his return to Spain he received honours his powers were taken from him.

He went again to America, fitted out an expedition at his own expense, and made fresh discoveries. But on returning to Spain he was coldly received by the King and Court, and withdrew to Seville where he died in his 63rd year.

There is not the slightest doubt that despite his reckless cruelty, he was a man of outstanding military genius, and one of the greatest heroes that Spain

has produced. That with a few hundred Spaniards he should conquer a rich and well-armed empire is undoubtedly one of the greatest wonders of history. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee

The May number of the best of all monthlies is now on sale everywhere. Here are a few of its many and varied contents

The Greatest Man for 1000 Years
Twelve Candidates for Everlasting Fame

One Hundred Beautiful Things
Prose Passages, Poems, and Pictures in Photogravure of Objects of Art

The Pictures in the Dome
The Treasures Inside London's Vast Monument

Back to the Jungle
What Animals Do and What Man May Do

The Oldest Inhabitants of Africa
Magnificent pictures in colour of African Wild Life

A Creator of Great Music
Henry Purcell and His Work

THERE ARE 130 PICTURES IN THIS ISSUE

Ask for

MY MAGAZINE

April 18, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

II



The Streams are Singing in the Meadows



DI MERRYMAN

"I've just discovered a new disease," remarked the doctor. "Please call it Pfxlzia then," said the patient. "Why that?" "Because it just fits into a cross-word puzzle I'm making up."

Hough Sad!

A CERTAIN old farmer of Slough Was milking a colour-blind cough, When she thought (alas!) His whiskers were grass, So the farmer is keeping sheep nough.

WHAT is that which the more you take from it the larger it grows? A hole.

What Am I?

MY first is in break, but not in mend,
My second's in call, but not in send,
My third's in Tom, but not in Jack,
My fourth is in tail, but not in back,
My fifth is in lamp, but not in burn,
My sixth is in bend, but not in turn;
My whole is a scene that is terribly sad,
And when I am finished all men are glad.

Solution next week

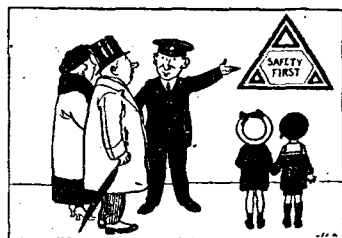
Is Your Name Barnes?

THIS surname does not always have the same origin. In some cases it is derived from the word barn, a storehouse for grain, the ancestor of the bearers of the name having owned or had charge of a barn or barns. In other cases it is from the word bairn, meaning a child, and possibly the ancestor of the Barnes descendants was small like a child and had something childlike in his nature.

WHY does a black cow give white milk that makes yellow butter?

For the same reason that blackberries are red when they are green.

The Safety First Alphabet



W is the way we'd like you to tread, It's called Safety First, and it's labelled in red.



X is the 'xtra precaution you need, The traffic gets very confusing indeed.

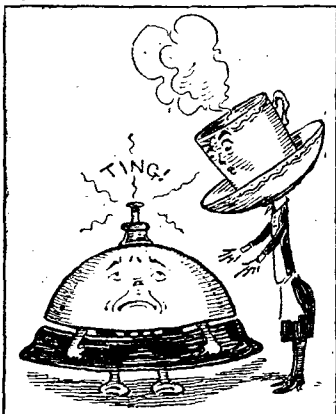
Odd Fish

"WHAT makes the price of these sardines so high?" asked Mrs. O'Reilly. "They're imported, madam," replied the grocer.

"Well," was the reply, "I'll have the domestic ones—those that had the brains to swim to this country."

WHAT word is that which, although it has eight letters, will have ten after we have taken five away? Tendency.

Come-Alive Characters



Ring Out the Old, Ring In the New

"I HEARD you ring," the Cup of Tea
Exclaimed, "so in I flew."
"I rang for Coffee," tinged the Bell,
"I didn't ring for you!"

What Does It Mean?

WHEN this verse has been properly punctuated it will not look so foolish as it does now. A funny little man told this to me I fell in a snowdrift in June said he I went to a cricket match out to sea I saw a jellyfish float up a tree I found some birds in a cup of tea I stirred my milk with a big brass key I opened the door on my bended knee I beg your pardon for this said he But it's true when told as it ought to be It's a punctuation puzzle you see.

A Good Pennyworth

"I GAVE you a penny yesterday to be a good boy," said Mother, "and today you are as bad as you can be." "Yes," was the reply; "I'm trying to show you got your money's worth yesterday."

Arrowproof

AS he fought with a dog in the park A strayed porcupine made this remark:

"Though I've shot my last quill, He's attacking me still, So it's clear he must have a thick bark!"

WHY is a telescope like time? Because it brings distant things near.

A Puzzle in Rhyme

UNDERNEATH the ground I lie, Useful to light London by; Round about the walls I stray, To wash the London dirt away; In a blackbird's throat am I, Full of cheerful minstrelsy; 'Twixt a ploughman's lips I sit, While around him visions flit, Airy and unreal elves; Thoughts fantastic as themselves Crowd into the rustic's brain Long as I with him remain. In some cellars am I found, In the darkness underground; Full of liquid, ruby red, Lying on a sawdust bed. Now let this, my self-praise, cease, Smoke with me the pipe of peace.

Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

An Enigma. Silkworm

A Riddle in Rhyme. Spectacles

Jacko Drives a Tram

ONE day Mr. Jacko had to go into the next town on business, and, for a wonder, he suggested taking Jacko with him.

"The boy has shown a great improvement lately," he said, "and I am very glad to give him a little treat."

So was Jacko! He was so excited, in fact, that he could hardly sit still in the train, and, when Mr. Jacko gave him a shilling and left him, he fairly danced for joy.

"I advise you to have a look at the castle," said his father. "I hear there are very fine ruins."

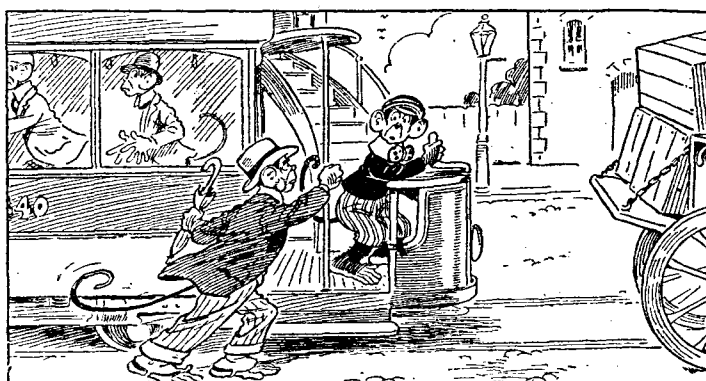
Jacko wasn't very keen on ruins, but he thought perhaps there might be dungeons, which he always rather liked the sound of. So he paid his sixpence and went into the castle.

And the dungeons really were great fun; he hid in dark corners and jumped out at other people.

They all thought the place was haunted, and rushed out screaming; and at last an official came round with a big stick. He was furious when he found Jacko lying in wait, and chased him out of the castle grounds! And Jacko, scrambling over a wall, found himself at the tramway depot.

"Coo! This looks interesting," he said, gleefully.

There were lots of trams waiting there and doing nothing, and Jacko thought it high time they were put to some use.



"I'll have you reported!" the passenger roared

"No wonder trams don't pay," he said, severely. And he hopped on to the driver's platform of the nearest tram!

It wasn't a bit difficult to drive because, as he said, you didn't have to steer! And soon the tram was careering down the road.

All the stopping places were marked, so that Jacko knew exactly where to pull up. And lots of people got on and off; in fact, it was a very popular tram, because there was no conductor to ask for fares, and everybody got a free ride!

But some of them got a good deal more than they bargained for. Jacko soon got tired of stopping so often, and careered along the road for nearly two miles without stopping at all. And the people inside were in a terrible way. Lots of them wanted to get out; but Jacko didn't take the slightest notice when they rang the bell!

At last he had to stop, for a cart got in the way. And the people fairly streamed out of the car, while one passenger rushed round to the driver's platform, and shook his fist furiously at Jacko. "I'll have you reported!" he roared.

And then he recognised Jacko, and fairly choked with rage. Jacko looked at him—and gasped! It was Mr. Jacko!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Wonderful Camera

All kinds of clever devices are used by photographers for getting natural pictures of little children, but surely one of the cleverest is that of an American photographer, who has made his camera out of a doll's house.

A fascinating doll's house, beautifully equipped, forms the actual camera; there is a lens concealed behind the front door, and at the back of the house is the plate holder. While showing the wonders of the doll's house to a child sitting in front of it, the photographer "snaps" his little sitter at the right moment and secures a happy expression by merely pressing a pneumatic ball.

Un appareil Photographique merveilleux

Les photographes utilisent toute sorte d'expédients dans le but d'obtenir des poses naturelles chez les petits enfants, et certes, un des plus ingénieux est celui d'un photographe américain, qui a transformé une maison de poupée en appareil photographique.

Une maison séduisante, admirablement montée, fournit l'appareil même; derrière la porte d'entrée est dissimulé l'objectif, et, au fond de la maison se trouve la porte-plaque. Tout en faisant admirer les merveilles de la maison de poupée à un enfant assis vis-à-vis, le photographe prend un instantané de son petit client juste au bon moment, et rien qu'en pressant la poire, il obtient ainsi une mine souriante.

Tales Before Bedtime

Eleven o'Clock

FANCY being nearly eight years old, and not knowing how to tell the time! But Jimmy couldn't; and it was because he was too lazy to learn.

His nurse had tried to teach him ever so many times, but Jimmy wouldn't take any interest in what she told him.

At last she got angry, and said, "You are a very naughty, idle boy, I am not going to waste any more time on you. If you want to grow up ignorant and stupid, you must."

Jimmy wasn't fond of learning; he liked going out and playing marbles better, and he said he could always ask somebody to tell him the time.

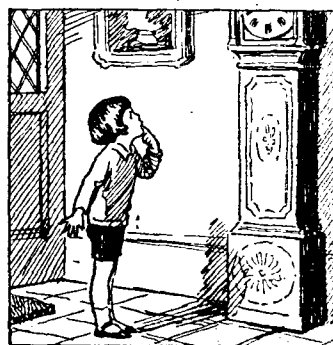
He used to go to Miss Bell's little school for boys and girls, and there was never a clock in the schoolroom, because Miss Bell said the children would keep looking at it to see if lessons were nearly over. She wore a watch on her wrist, and if she forgot to put it on, she used to send one of the children to look at the clock in the hall.

If Jimmy went he always found Jane, Miss Bell's maid, and asked her to look; but one unlucky morning when Miss Bell said, "Jimmy, go and see the time, please," Jane was nowhere to be found.

What would his school-friends say if he went back and said he couldn't tell?

He stared at the big clock, and as he couldn't read what it said, he guessed. He went back into the schoolroom and said, "It's eleven o'clock."

"Only eleven? Then we'll have some more arithmetic," said Miss Bell, and all her



He couldn't read what it said

pupils sighed, because it had seemed such a long morning.

They worked hard until Jane opened the door and said in surprise, "Please, miss, it's nearly one o'clock."

It must have been twelve when Jimmy guessed it was eleven, and they had had nearly an hour's extra sums!

Everyone was very cross indeed, and of course Jimmy had to confess.

That's why he stayed in after lessons the next afternoon, and learned the time on the big card-board clock which Miss Bell used for teaching the babies.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

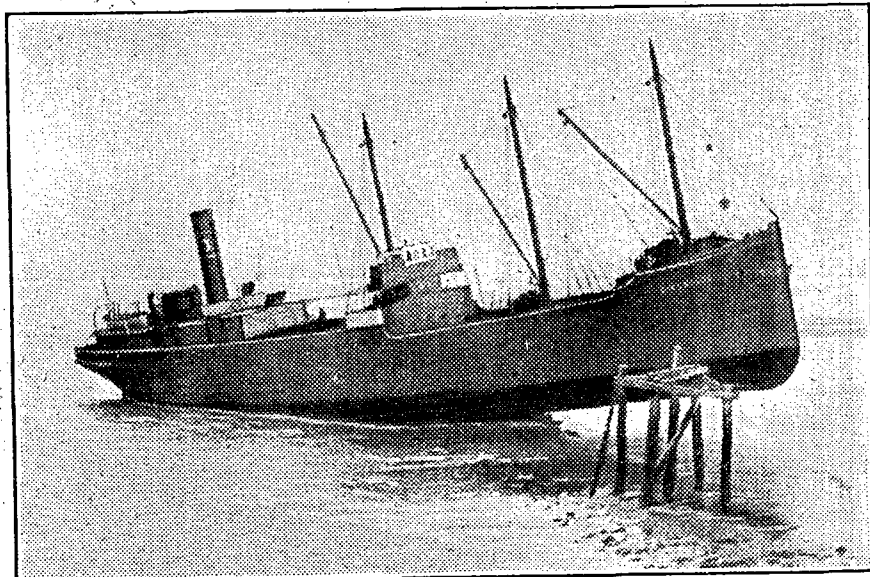
CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

April 18, 1925

Every Thursday 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

THE C.N. IN ASSAM · INDIAN NURSES IN GLASGOW · AMERICA'S AIRSHIPS



The Stranded Steamer—This picture shows a large cargo steamer which went aground in the Tees the other day, and is lying stranded off Redcar Jetty with her bows in the air



Follow-My-Leader in a London Park—A wooden slide lined with polished steel plates has been placed in the children's playground of a London park, and is proving a great attraction



The C.N. in Assam—These Lushai boys at Silchar Mission High School, Assam, come of a clever race, and the pictures in the C.N. interest them greatly



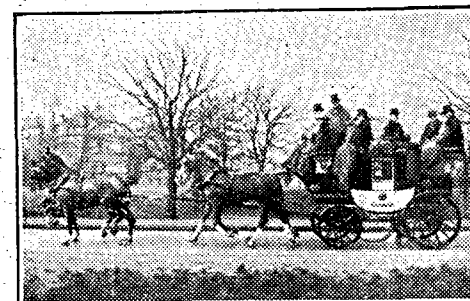
East and West Meet in Glasgow—Indian ayahs, or nurses, who are devoted to their little white charges, often come with British families to Europe, and here we see two ayahs from Madras walking with their charges in Glasgow. They have been finding our spring weather rather cold, but have managed to keep cheerful



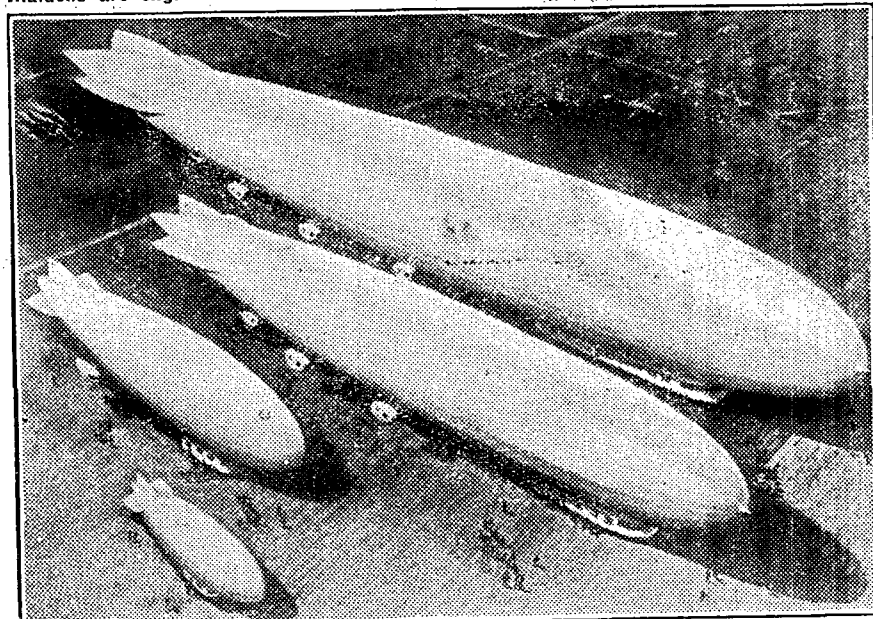
Lessons Out of Doors—These pupils at a school at Newton Abbot, in Devonshire, are delighted in spring to take their Nature lessons out of doors



Three Little Maids of Bengal—Indian girls in the Silchar High School, Assam, are as fond as the boys are of reading the C.N., and these three Bengali maidens are engrossed in their favourite paper



The Coaching Season—Coaching is by no means obsolete in England, as this picture of a smart new coach and four, travelling from Westminster to Hampton Court, across Barnes Common, shows



America's Growing Airships—America's airships are growing, not only in number but, as this picture shows, in size, each ship that is built exceeding its predecessors. Mr. Ford talks of building airships in such numbers that they will be as common as motor-cars



French Gardening in England—More and more early vegetables are being grown in England by the French system of covering the tender plants with bell-jars to protect them from frosts. This picture was taken at an agricultural school on the Earl of Clarendon's Watford estate

THE C.N.'S SISTER PAPER IS READY EVERY TUESDAY—ASK FOR THE CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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